

Detective COMICS

10¢



CREIG
FLESSEL

News!

No. 29

FEBRUARY, 1938

MORE

FUN COMICS

10¢



*here comes
a
champion!*

**TRIED!
TESTED!
PROVED!**

DETECTIVE COMICS

MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON

Editor and Publisher

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

Associate Editor

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SPEED **SAUNDERS**

by
**CREIG
FLESSER**



A DUST-COVERED ROADSTER ROARS OVER THE PARCHED AND DESOLATE WASTELAND OF SOUTHERN TEXAS. HUNCHED AT THE WHEEL IS SPEED SAUNDERS RETURNING TO NEW YORK AFTER SUCCESSFULLY ROUNDING UP THE CALONI GANG IN CALIFORNIA!





SPEED IS AMBUSHED AND CAUGHT BY SOBIAW-WA INDIANS FROM THE TEXAS NATIONAL RESERVATION - BUT WHY?



UGH! -YOU CATCHUM DALE FACE DETECTIVE. WE WANT YOU -YOU CATCHUM OUR ENEMY, MAY BE, YES?

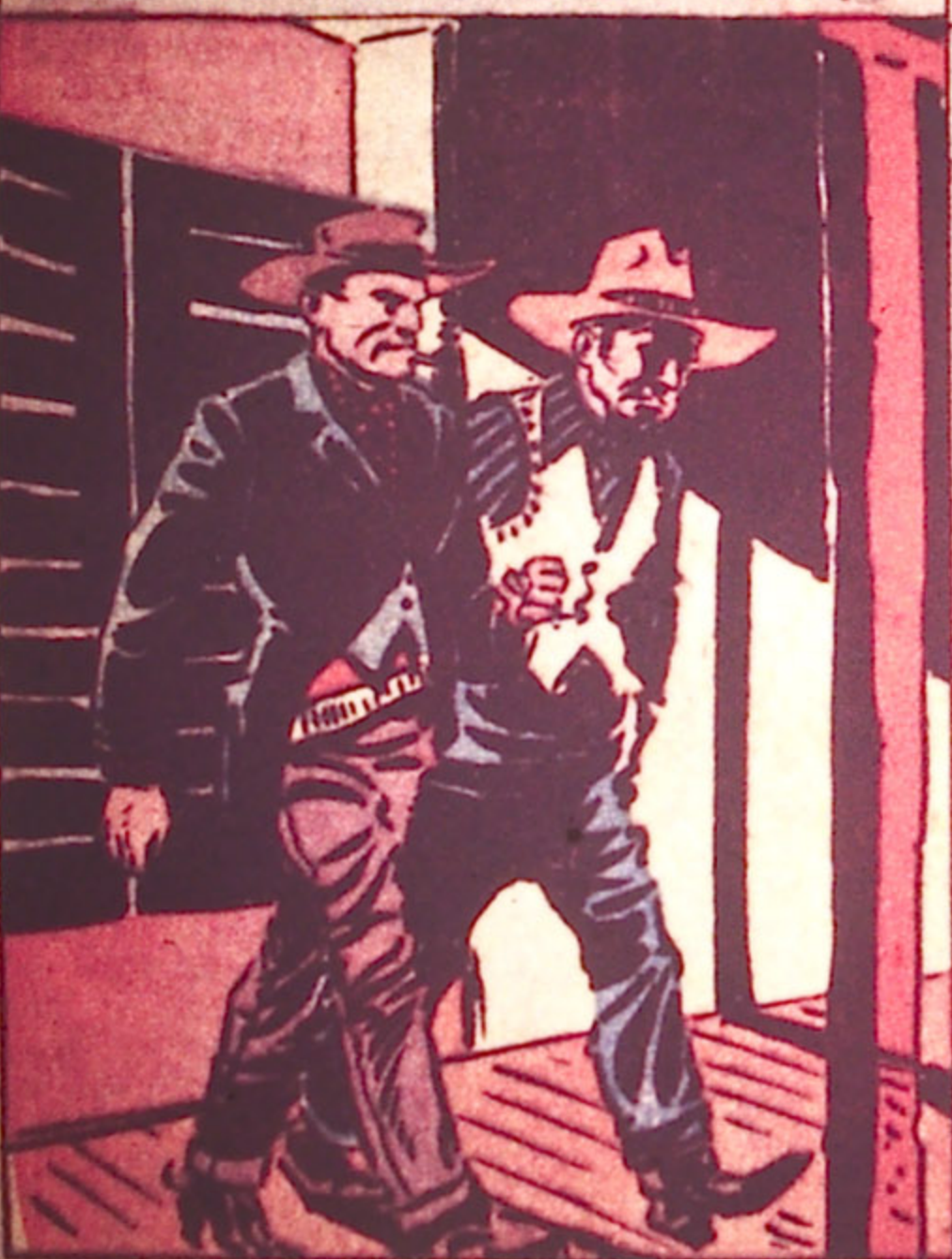
WHAT'S THE GAG? - I'VE GOT TO BE ON MY WAY!

UGH!





THE TWO MEN QUICKLY LEAVE THE SALOON.
SPEED PREPARES TO FOLLOW THEM!



HOLD IT, STRANGER!
YOU SEEM A BIT TOO
ANXIOUS TO FOLLOW
THEM MEN! THEY GOT
WORK TO DO - SO YOU
BETTER WAIT
HERE!

?-OH
YES--



SPEED WHIRLS AND UNCORKS A HARD
LEFT TO THE BARTENDER'S JAW! --

LET'S GO
OLD HORSE.
GID-DAP!



RUSHING OUT OF THE SALOON - LEAPS
ONTO HIS HORSE AND IS OFF IN A
CLOUD OF DUST AFTER THE SWINDLERS

RIDING HARD, FOLLOWING A BLIND TRAIL, SPEED PURSUES THE TWO HORSEMEN HOPING TO INTERCEPT THEIR PLANS—



HIDDEN BEHIND A ROCK, SPEED LOOKS AND LISTENS! - CAREFULLY HE PLANS HIS ATTACK AS THE DAWN APPROACHES!



SPEED DIVES ACROSS THE FIRE AND GRAPPLES WITH THE STARTLED CROOKS!

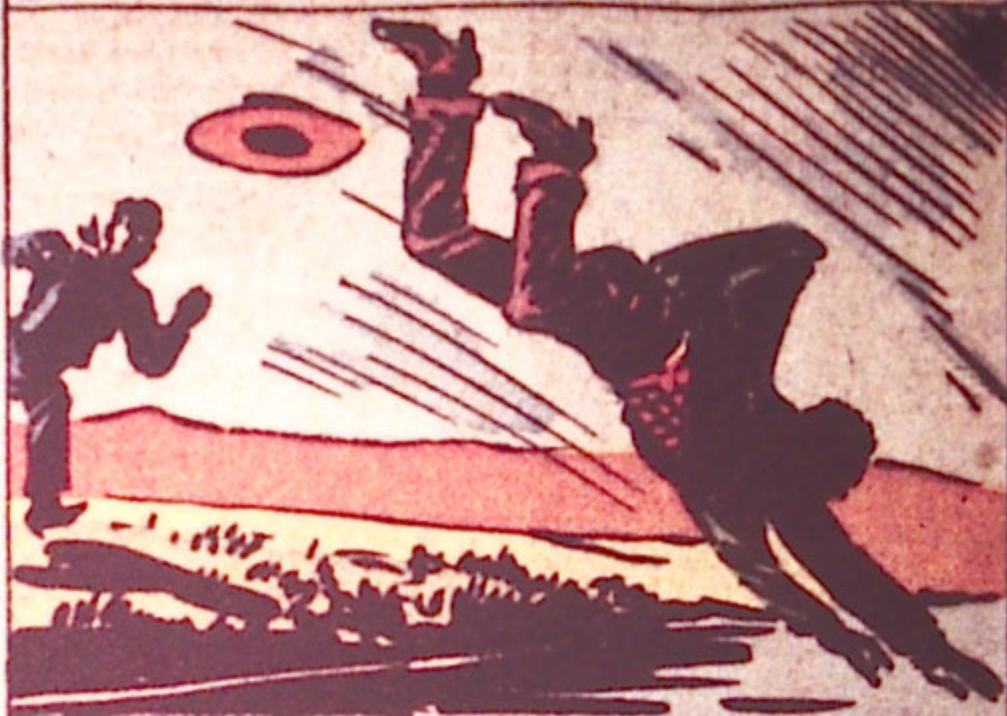


SPEED SENDS ONE OF HIS OPPONENTS
SPRAWLING INTO THE FIRE. THE OTHER ONE
TURNS AND RUNS - SPEED DRAWS HIS GUN

"MISSED
HIM"



-DASHING TO THE RIVER THE CROOK
PLUNGES IN! - BUT SPEED IS RIGHT
BEHIND HIM - EAGER FOR A FIGHT!



SPEED GRAPPLES DESPERATELY WITH THE
MAN AS HE COMES TO THE SURFACE -



THEY FIGHTON - HALF-DROWNED FOR AN
HOUR - DAWN IS NEAR -



-- YOU CATCH'D M
TWO VERY BAD MAN.
WE FIND OTHER MAN,
BURN IN SEAT OF
PANTS.

YOU
BRAVE
SCOUT,
SPEED.

PHEW!
WHAT A
RASSLE!



WE THANK YOU HEAD MUCH.
YOU STAY HERE - WE GIVE
YOU OIL WELL. YOU BE RICH!

NO THANKS,
CHIEF. I'VE GOT
TO BE ON MY
WAY!



HAVING ACCOMPLISHED
HIS MISSION, SPEED
IS AGAIN AT THE
WHEEL OF HIS CAR,
GOING TO NEW YORK





BIG PRIZES and CASH! PROFITS!

BOYS, 12 to 15! Here's a speedy, streamlined bike for you! Made of aluminum alloy; 20% lighter than most bikes. Has a long wheel base, bow-arch frame; fully equipped as shown. You can easily earn it and any of 300 other big prizes, including a movie machine, typewriter, and camping supplies. Make **MONEY** at the same time! Just obtain customers in your neighborhood and deliver our 3 fine magazines to them. To start, mail this coupon to Jim Thayer, Dept. 770, The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.



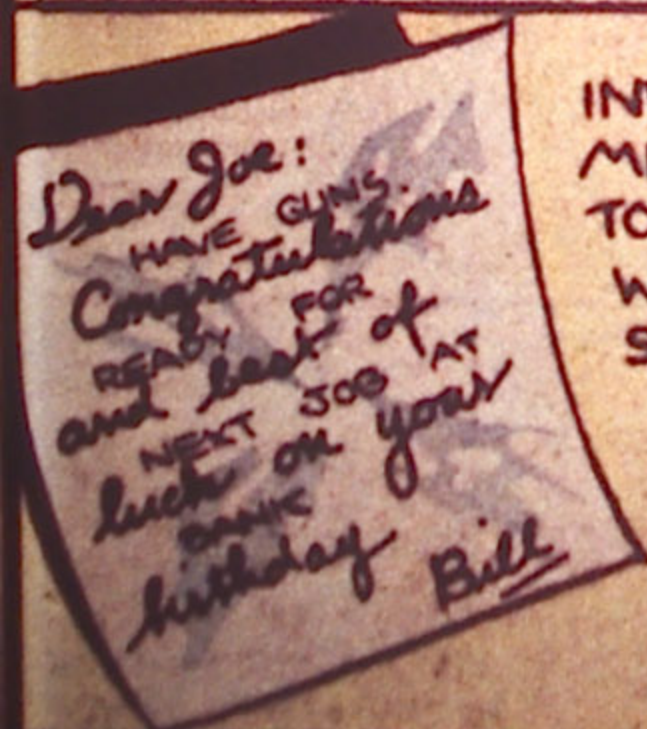
Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

THE MEN OF THE F.B.I.
(FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION)
ARE CONSTANTLY ENGAGED IN
THE DETECTION AND PREVENTION
OF CRIME

**THE F.B.I. MEN ARE
EXPERTS IN THE ART
OF MOULAGE, WHEREBY
THEY CAN REPRODUCE
FOOTPRINTS AND OTHER
MARKS AS THEY
APPEARED AT THE
TIME OF THE CRIME.**



**INVISIBLE INK
MEANS NOTHING
TO THE G-MEN,
WHO TRANSLATE
SECRET MESSAGES
BY MEANS OF
CHEMICALS AND
VIOLET RAYS---**



STATEMENT of the OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., Required by the ACT OF CONGRESS of AUGUST 26, 1912, and MARCH 3, 1933. Of Detective Comics, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October, 1937
State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared M. W. Nicholson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Detective Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Detective Comics, Inc., 432 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Editor, M. W. Nicholson, 432 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 114 East 47th Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
Detective Comics, Inc., 432 Fourth Avenue, New York City, M. W. Nicholson, 432 Fourth Avenue, New York City, J. S. Liebowitz, 114 East 47th Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in case where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of October, 1937 (Signed) Alfred B. Yaffe. (My commission expires March 30, 1938.)

LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

~ by Will Ely ~

LARRY MAKES A NOCTURNAL INSPECTION OF THE CLUB RIVIERA, ONLY TO BE TAKEN CAPTIVE BY ONE OF ORSATTI'S HENCHMEN— HE IS BROUGHT TO A CLEVERLY CONCEALED HIDEOUT, THE ENTRANCE OF WHICH IS A TRAP-DOOR BENEATH A RUG IN A TENTH FLOOR APARTMENT OWNED BY ORSATTI — THE HIDEOUT IS AN UNUSED APARTMENT ON THE FLOOR BELOW— ORSATTI AND TWO OF HIS MEN ARE THERE TO GREET HIM —

SO YOU HAVE A WAY OF TAKING CARE OF ONE --- I SUPPOSE THAT MEANS MURDER —

WHAT DO YOU THINK ?

NO ONE, OUTSIDE OF MY OWN MEN, EVER COMES THROUGH THAT TRAP DOOR AND LIVES TO GO OUT AGAIN !

YOU'RE A SMART COPPER, AND YOU PROBABLY HAVE PLENTY ON ME — SO I'LL HAVE TO ELIMINATE YOU !

YOU'VE STILL GOT TO DISPOSE OF THE BODY — THAT WON'T BE TOO EASY IN THIS APARTMENT —

I'VE ALREADY TAKEN CARE OF THAT — LOOK OVER HERE —

DO YOU SEE THIS CLOSET? WELL LOOK NOW - NOT A CLOSET BUT A SHAFT AT THE BOTTOM OF WHICH IS A QUICK LIME PIT!



THAT'S JUST WHERE YOU'RE GOING! YOU WON'T LAST LONG WHEN THE LIME GETS TO WORK ON YOU - THAT IS, IF YOU SHOULD LIVE AFTER FALLING TEN STORIES!



AS PROVIDENCE WOULD HAVE IT, A POLICE CAR PASSES THE APARTMENT IN THE STREET BELOW, THE SIREN SHRILLING LOUDLY -



THE GANGSTERS, NATURALLY JUMPY FROM EVADING THE LAW, ARE TAKEN OFF THEIR GUARD, MOMENTARILY GIVING LARRY THE BREAK HE NEEDS - QUICK AS A FLASH HE GRABS THE GUN OF HIS NEAREST OPPONENT, GIVING HIM A TERRIFIC YANK --



HE SIDESTEPS AS HE DOES SO, AND THE IMPACT SLINGS THE UNFORTUNATE CROOK INTO ORSATTI'S DEADLY SHAFT -



UNABLE TO BRING HIS GUN INTO ACTION IMMEDIATELY, HE LASHES OUT WITH A WELL DELIVERED KICK, WHICH SENDS THE GUN OF THE SECOND GANGSTER ACROSS THE ROOM—



WITH A WILD OATH ORSATTI OPENS FIRE WITH HIS AUTOMATIC —



TWO OF THE SLUGS TEAR INTO LARRY'S LEFT ARM AND SHOULDER, SLAMMING HIM AGAINST THE WALL —



ORSATTI FIRES WILDLY AGAIN, BUT MISSES —



LARRY, HIS HEAD DIZZY WITH THE SEARING PAIN IN HIS ARM, FIRES AND HITS ORSATTI DIRECTLY BETWEEN THE EYES —



ORSATTI SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR - HIS BODY SHUDDERS WITH ONE LAST CONVULSION AND THEN LIES STILL -



THE OTHER GANGSTER, UNABLE TO RECOVER HIS GUN IN A FAR CORNER, THROWS HIMSELF ON LARRY AS LARRY FIRES AGAIN --



BUT TOO LATE - HE RECEIVES A BULLET THROUGH HIS STOMACH AND FALLS AT LARRY'S FEET, DEAD -



TAKE ANOTHER, YOU RAT ! I'M TAKING NO CHANCES WITH YOU ! OHH ---



WEAK FROM PAIN, LARRY PRACTICALLY FALLS AGAINST THE WALL --



FIGHTING TO MAINTAIN CONSCIOUSNESS, HE STARTS ACROSS THE ROOM, WEAVING LIKE A PUNCH-DRUNK FIGHTER --

GOT TO GET TO THAT PHONE ---
CALL THE COPS --



HE SLUMPS DRUNKENLY INTO THE DESK CHAIR AND GRABS UP THE TELEPHONE --

GIVE ME
POLICE
HEADQUARTERS,
AND HURRY !!



CHIEF -- I'M AT
110 WEST EIGHTIETH-
TENTH FLOOR -- GO
TO APARTMENT 11-C --
TRAPDOOR UNDER
RUG --- OH !



TOO WEAK TO CONTINUE, HE TOPPLES FROM THE CHAIR AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR --

HELLO! HELLO,
LARRY! WHAT'S
WRONG! LARRY



SOMETHING IS WRONG /
I JUST GOT A CALL
FROM STEELE / HE'S
IN TROUBLE / COME ON !!



TIRES SCREAMING,
SIRENS BLOWING,
THE POLICE TEAR
IN A MAD DASH
TO THE WEST EIGHT-
IES TO RESCUE LARRY



THE POLICE RACE TO APARTMENT 11-C

BREAK IT DOWN!
WE'VE NO TIME
TO LOSE!

11-D

HERE'S THE TRAP!
COME ON BOYS!

HERE HE IS!
UNCONSCIOUS!
HE'S BEEN SHOT—
COME ON, WE'RE
GOING TO GET
HIM TO A
HOSPITAL!

A FEW HOURS
LATER AFTER
LARRY HAS
RECAINED
CONSCIOUS-
NESS IN THE
HOSPITAL—

HOW'RE YOU FEEL-
ING NOW, OLD BOY—
YOU SURE MADE A
MESS OF THOSE
CROOKS!

I TOOK TWO
SLUGS, BUT
THEY'VE
PATCHED
ME UP
PRETTY
WELL—

DID THE POLICE
FINISH THINGS UP?

LARRY YOU'VE BROKEN UP ONE OF THE CROOKED-
EST RINGS IN THE CITY— WE FOUND EVIDENCE
IN THE FILES OF THE DESK TO CONVICT EVERY
EMPLOYEE OF
ORSATTI'S—AS FOR
THE BIG SHOTS,
YOUR BULLETS
AND THE LIME PIT
TOOK CARE OF THEM—
THE POLICE DEPART-
MENT IS PROUD OF

AND STILL
LATER, LARRY
RECIEVES
MORE CALLERS—
JAMES AND
LAURA WILKES—

LARRY, HOW CAN
WE EVER THANK
YOU FOR WHAT
YOU'VE DONE
FOR US!

DON'T BOTHER
IT WAS A
PLEASURE—

YOUR FOLKS ARE WORRIED,
LARRY, YOU CAN LEAVE
NOW, SO WE'RE GOING
TO TAKE YOU HOME—

THAT WILL BE SWELL
I THINK I'LL SLEEP
FOR A WEEK!

LARRY STEELE

A WEEK LATER, LARRY IS DISCHARGED FROM HIS SICK-BED, FULLY RECOVERED FROM HIS GUN WOUNDS . . .

WHO IS IT MISS WEST ?

A GENTLEMAN TO SEE YOU - A MR. JENKS -



MR. JENKS, I BELIEVE - WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU ?

IT'S ABOUT MY DAUGHTER, MR. STEELE - SHE'S IN SOME KIND OF TROUBLE - I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT I KNOW IT'S SERIOUS - IT HAS ME ABOUT FRANTIC !



WHO SENT YOU HERE ? HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO COME TO ME ?

I AM AN OLD FRIEND OF THE WILKES FAMILY - THEY KNOW NOTHING OF MY DISTRESS, BUT I HAVE HEARD YOUR NAME MENTIONED OVER THERE - THEY THINK VERY HIGHLY OF YOU -



OH, YES - I WAS ABLE TO CLEAR UP A LITTLE MATTER THAT JAMES AND LAURA WILKES WERE CONCERNED WITH, BUT TELL ME MORE OF YOUR CASE -



THAT'S THE TROUBLE - I CAN'T TELL YOU MUCH, BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW MUCH - I KNOW, NANCY, MY DAUGHTER HAS BEEN RECEIVING SOME MYSTERIOUS MAIL AND TELEPHONE CALLS OF LATE -



SHE SEEMS TO BE CONSTANTLY WORRIED - SHE'S A HIGH STRUNG GIRL - SINCE HER MOTHER'S DEATH I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DO A GREAT DEAL WITH HER - BUT SHE'S MY ONLY CHILD, IT WOULD KILL ME IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO HER -



WHO ARE THESE LETTERS AND PHONE CALLS FROM? WHAT CAN YOU GIVE ME, IF ANYTHING, TO WORK ON?

THAT I CANNOT SAY - IT MIGHT BE THAT SHE IS IN THE CLUTCHES OF SOME EXTORTION RACKET OR SOMETHING --



HERE ARE SOME VERY CLEAR AND DESCRIPTIVE PICTURES OF MY DAUGHTER - I'LL WRITE YOU A CHECK FOR A SUBSTANTIAL RETAINER FEE - YOU CAN START WORK AT ONCE, AND KEEP ME POSTED -

DO YOU HAVE MANY SERVANTS MR JENKS --



WHY ONLY A COOK, A MAID, AND A BUTLER - WHY?

SEND THE BUTLER ON A VACATION - I'M TAKING HIS PLACE FOR A WHILE --



THAT EVENING FINDS LARRY MOVING INTO THE SERVANTS QUARTERS OF THE JENKS' HOME --



FIRST OF ALL LARRY TAPS THE TELEPHONE LINE
AND PLACES A SET OF EAR-PHONES IN HIS ROOM—

THAT WILL TAKE
CARE OF TELEPHONE
MESSAGES —



HE THEN GOES ABOUT HIS SERVICES AS A BUTLER



I SEE WE HAVE
A NEW BUTLER,
DADDY —

YES, MY DEAR; PERKINS
NEEDED A VACATION —



I DON'T KNOW
WHY, BUT HE
LOOKS STRANGELY
FAMILIAR —



NANCY, YOU HAVE
HARDLY TOUCHED
YOUR FOOD —

I'M NOT VERY HUNGRY,
DADDY —



YOU'RE WANTED
ON THE PHONE,
MISS JENKS —



I'LL JUST SEE
WHO'S CALLING !



LARRY LISTENS IN ON THE CONVERSATION —



NOW WE WOULDN'T WANT
ANY HARM TO COME TO
YOU, MISS JENKS — —



BUT I TELL YOU
I CAN'T RAISE THAT
AMOUNT BY TONIGHT —



YOU CAN GET IT — OR ELSE !
BE IN THE PARK, CORNER OF
72ND, 9:00 SHARP !



WHAT AM I GOING TO
DO ! \$50,000. ! I HAVEN'T
GOT IT !



THIS KID'S IN A JAM —
I'LL GET THERE AHEAD
OF HER AND TAKE THEM
RED-HANDED !



THESE JEWELS ARE ALL
I HAVE LEFT — THEY'LL
HAVE TO TAKE THEM —
OH IF THEY'D ONLY
LEAVE ME ALONE NOW !



DADDY, I'M
GOING OUT FOR
A SHORT WALK —

AGAIN ? I WISH YOU
WOULDN'T GO OUT
ALONE AT NIGHT —



LARRY LEAVES THE HOUSE THE BACK WAY AND ENTERS HIS CAR —



DRIVING HARD HE REACHES THE PARK AHEAD OF TIME —

I'LL LEAVE THE CAR HERE AND HIDE IN THE SHRUBBERY —



AS MISS JENKS NEARS THE CORNER OF 72ND STREET A DARK SEDAN DRIVES UP BEHIND HER —



IT STOPS - TWO MEN JUMP OUT AND GRAB HER - ONE THROWS A CLOTH OVER HER HEAD —



HEY! THIS LOOKS LIKE A KIDNAP!!



THE CLOTH IS SATURATED WITH CHLOROFORM - SHE GOES LIMP IN THEIR ARMS —



SHE IS PULLED INTO THE CAR, AND IT SPEEDS AWAY



LARRY IS ALREADY AT THE WHEEL OF HIS OWN CAR GETTING IT IN MOTION —



HE FIRES AT THE TIRES AND GAS TANK OF THE CAR AHEAD — —



SOME MUC'S FOLLOWIN' US !

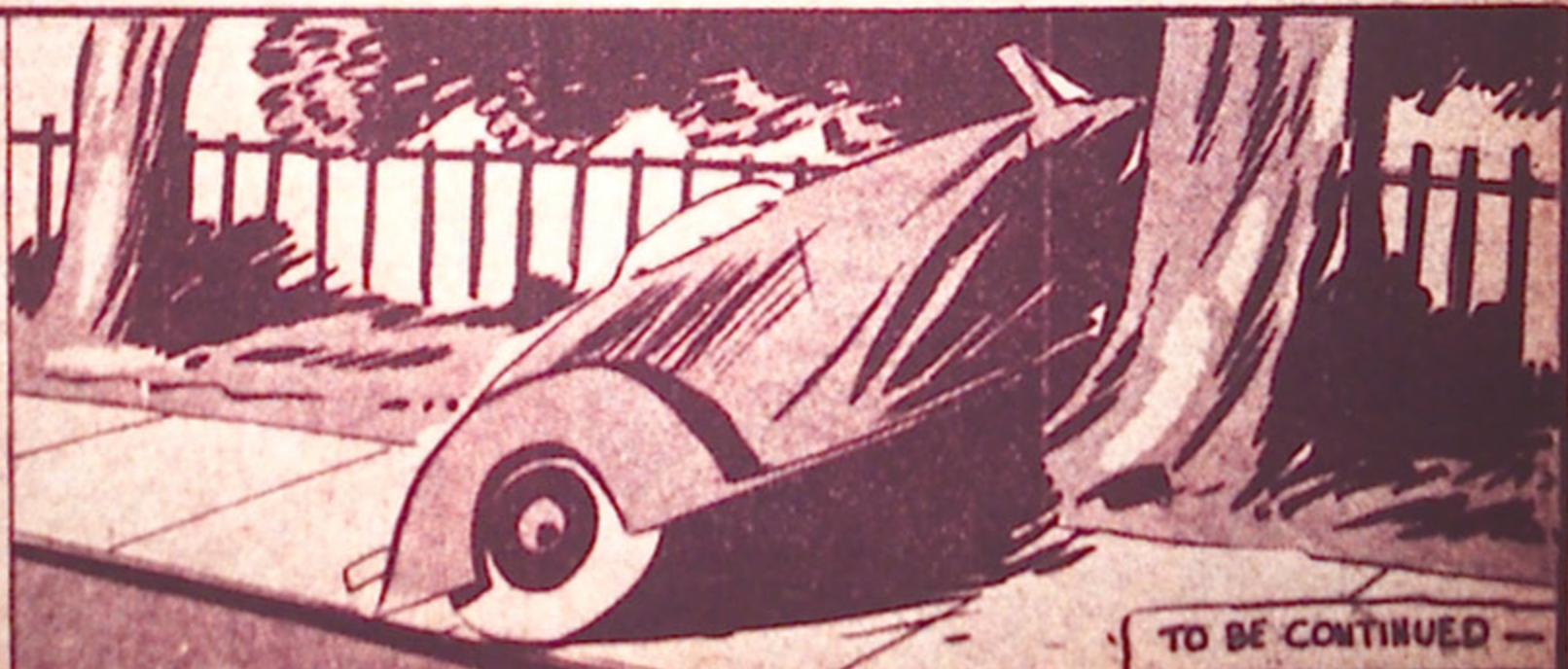
USE YER CHOPPER !



A TOMMY GUN APPEARS AT THE WINDOW OF THE KIDNAPPERS CAR AND STARTS TO SPIT STEEL-JACKETED MESSENGERS OF DEATH — — —

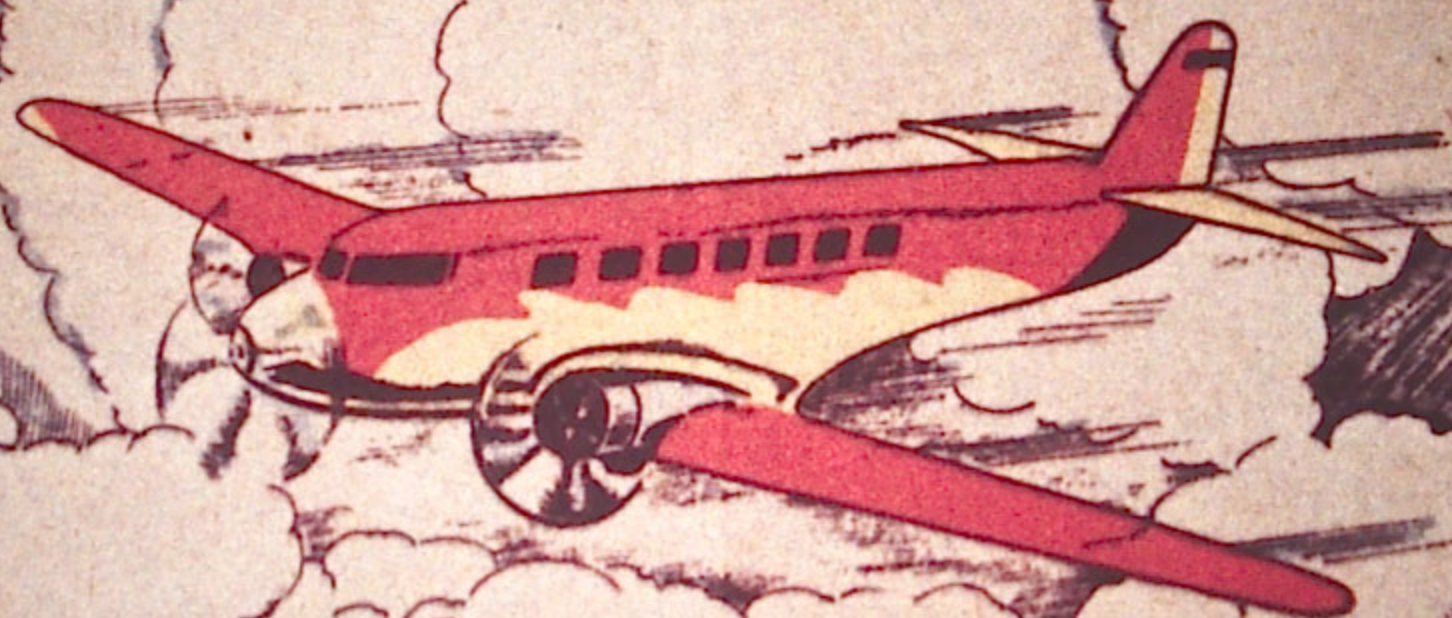


LARRY'S CAR IS RIDDLED — HE LOSES CONTROL AND THE CAR CAREENS UP ON THE SIDEWALK AND INTO A FENCE — —



TO BE CONTINUED —

MURDER IN THE CLOUDS



By
Tom
Hickey

A HUGE, LOW-WINGED MONOPLANE STARTED FROM THE TAKE OFF LINE AT GREAT AMERICAN AIRPORT, TAKED CLIMBILY INTO THE WIND, ROLLED DOWN THE STRAIGHT AWAY, GATHERED LIFT, AND SLICED SMOOTHLY INTO THE AIR.



AT THE FIRST ROAD FROM THE TRI-MOTOR, A DOOR MARKED "PRIVATE" IN THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING OF GREAT AMERICAN LINES BROKE OPEN. A SMALL, PLUMP MAN LUGGING A LARGE SQUARE SUITCASE, LEAPED FROM THE OFFICE AND OUT INTO THE FIELD. HE SHOUTED. —



BUT THE THUNDER OF THE MOTORS DROWNED OUT HIS SHOUTS. FINALLY HE STOPPED RUNNING, AND SHOOK HIS FIST AT THE VANISHING PLANE.



A PORTER CROSSED THE FIELD TO THE PLUMP MAN.

ANYTHING THE MATTER, MR. CLIFFORD?

MATTER, INDEED! I TOLD THAT SAP OF A PILOT TO WAIT FOR ME IF HE DID HAVE TO PUT OFF HIS SCHEDULE. THE GENERAL MANAGER CAN'T EVEN CATCH ONE OF HIS OWN PLANES.



THE BIG SHIP CIRCLED BACK, GAINING ALTITUDE, HITTING DIRECTION. MR. CLIFFORD CURSED THE PILOT ONCE MORE, WRENCHED AT THE HANDLE OF HIS HEAVY SUITCASE AND TURNED BACK TOWARDS THE OFFICE. — THEN! —



THE HEAVENS WERE SPLIT BY A TERRIFIC ROAR. THE HUGE SHIP BURST INTO FLAMES, CRUMPLED AND PITCHED EARTHWARD.



6

LIKE A BLAZING TORCH IT ZOOMED TO THE GROUND. WOMEN SCREAMED. THE MORE STOUT HEARTED RACED TOWARDS THE FLAMING PYRE ACCOMPANIED BY THE GROUND CREW AND THE CLANGING AMBULANCE.



7

MR. CLIFFORD STAMPED AROUND SHOUTING TO ANY ONE WHO WOULD LISTEN. —

AND TO THINK, A MINUTE EARLIER AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN ON THAT PLANE. I WOULD BE IN THAT BURNING MASS OF WRECKAGE.



8

A TALL THIN MAN, HAWK-BEAKED, HAWK-EYED, HEARD CLIFFORD AND UTTERED A HARSH, GRATING LAUGH.



9

CLIFFORD GREW SUDDENLY PALE AS HE SPIED THE TALL MAN. HE PLUNGED INTO THE CROWD LUGGING HIS SUITCASE.



10

THE FOLLOWING MORNING BRUCE NELSON LOLED IN HIS PET CHAIR READING AN ACCOUNT OF THE TRAGEDY.

THAT SURE WAS ANASTY CRACK UP. I WONDER WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED THE EXPLOSION.

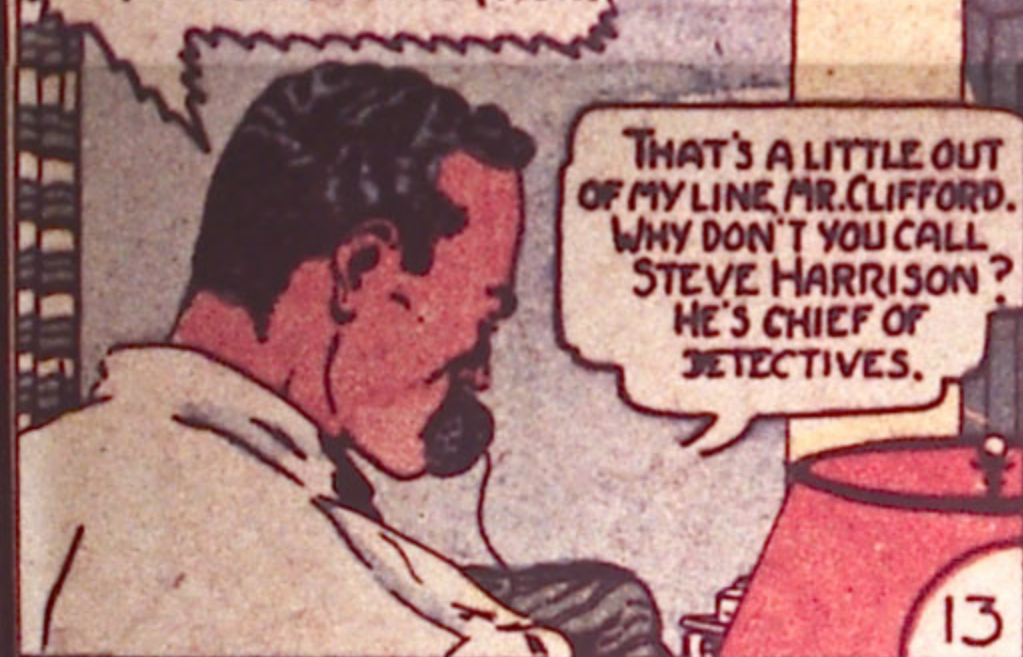


AT THIS POINT THE PHONE BUZZED.

BRUCE NELSON SPEAKING, WHO? MR. CLIFFORD? OF GREAT AMERICAN AIRLINES? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MR. CLIFFORD?



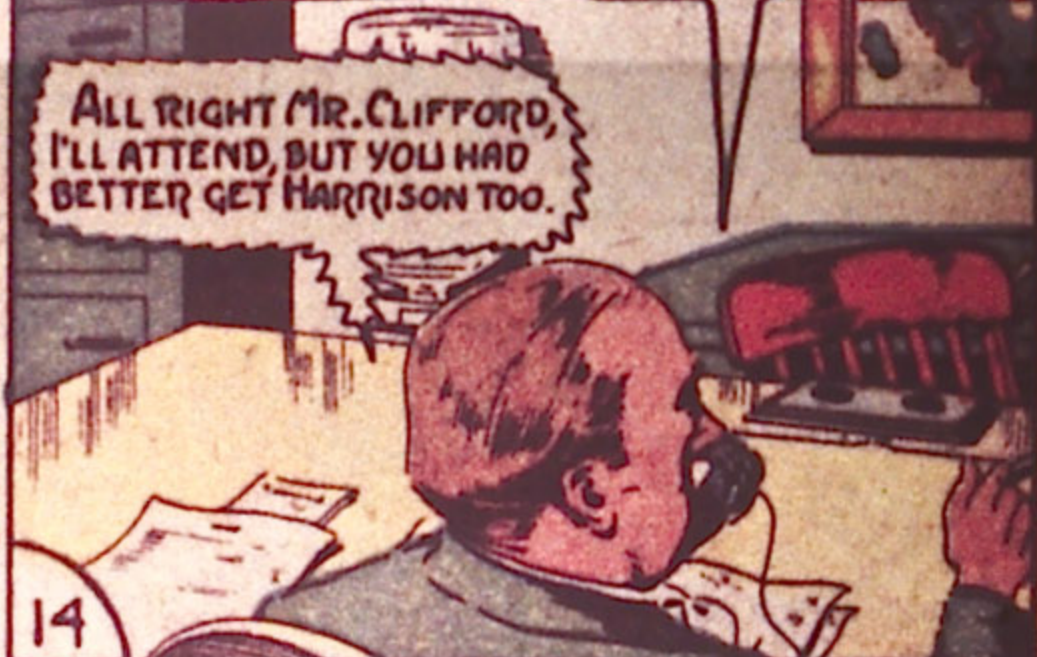
MR. NELSON, YOU'RE INTERESTED IN CRIME DETECTION, I'VE BEEN TOLD. WELL I NEED YOUR HELP. I'M BEING BLACKMAILED - OR MAYBE IT'S EXTORTION.



THAT'S A LITTLE OUT OF MY LINE, MR. CLIFFORD. WHY DON'T YOU CALL STEVE HARRISON? HE'S CHIEF OF DETECTIVES.

BUT THOSE AIRPLANE CRASHES, YOU KNOW. WE SUSPECT MURDER. THE ONE LAST NIGHT WAS THE SECOND. WE'RE HAVING A CONFERENCE IN MY OFFICE IN ABOUT AN HOUR. PERSONALLY, I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU ATTEND.

ALL RIGHT MR. CLIFFORD, I'LL ATTEND, BUT YOU HAD BETTER GET HARRISON TOO.



AT THREE O'CLOCK NELSON DREW UP BEFORE THE AIRPORT.



PRESENT IN THE OFFICE WERE MR. CLIFFORD, CHIEF INSPECTOR STEVE HARRISON AND PRESIDENT LONG OF GREAT AMERICAN AIRLINES.

GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN.

HI BRUCE!

MR. NELSON?



WELL WHAT'S THE SET UP?
GIVE ME THE DETAILS STEVE.

O.K. BRUCE. WE'RE
LOOKING FOR SOME
KIND OF A CRAZY RADICAL.
EXAMINATION OF YESTERDAY'S
WRECK SHOWS THAT THERE WAS
SOME SORT OF EXPLOSIVE USED—
PICRIC ACID, PROBABLY.



IT'S THE SECOND ACCIDENT ON GREAT AMERICAN'S
LINE IN THE PAST MONTH. OBVIOUSLY, WHOEVER IS
BEHIND THESE AWFUL KILLINGS IS CRAZY. NO SANE
PERSON IS GOING UP IN A PLANE, BLOW IT, HIMSELF AND
EVERYBODY IN IT, OUT OF THE AIR.



HE COULDN'T DO IT TWICE ANYWAY. — DON'T YOU
SEE, IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, IT WOULD TAKE MORE
THAN ONE NUT TO CAUSE THE TWO CRASHES?

INSANITY DOESN'T RUN THAT WAY. CERTAINLY, THE
MANIA WOULDN'T BE RESTRICTED TO GREAT
AMERICAN ALONE. LET'S HEAR YOUR VERSION, MR. CLIFFORD.



I'M TOO UPSET. YOU TELL
THEM WHAT WE THINK,
MR. LONG.

MR. CLIFFORD BELIEVES SOMEONE IS TRYING TO BLACK-
MAIL HIM. IT MAY BE JUST COINCIDENCE, BUT THE ACCIDENT
TWO WEEKS AGO JUST OUTSIDE OF ST. LOUIS HAPPENED TO
ONE OF THE PLANES MR. CLIFFORD HAD INTENDED TO
BOARD. HE WAS LATE GETTING TO THE AIRPORT AND
THE PLANE LEFT WITHOUT HIM.



FOUR MINUTES LATER, OUR PLANE WAS BLOWN TO BITS.
SOMEONE IS CERTAINLY HINTING, SUBTLY ENOUGH,
THAT MR. CLIFFORD PAY HIM FIFTEEN THOUSAND
DOLLARS. HE HAS A TELEGRAM —



LET ME SEE THE
TELEGRAM.

" DEAR CLIFFORD AM I ANNOYING YOU
STOP I WOULD LIKE TO BUY A COTTAGE
AT MALIBU STOP COST FIFTEEN
THOLLAND
WARD "



UHM, I SEE. THE MAN CALLED
ON YOU IN PERSON, DIDN'T HE?

WHY YES! HOW
DID YOU KNOW?

23

I KNOW HIS METHODS. YOU'D NEVER PIN BLACKMAIL OR
EXTORTION ON HIM EVEN IF YOU HAD A FLOCK OF WITNESSES.
HE'LL NEVER DEMAND MONEY — ONLY HINT AND KEEP
ANNOYING YOU UNTIL YOU KICK IN. I THINK I'D PUT UP
OR SHUT UP. THERE'S A CHANCE OF PINNING HIM WITH
MURDER, BUT NOT BLACKMAIL. HE'S TOO CLEVER.

24

SEE IF I'M RIGHT ON WARD'S DESCRIPTION — TALL, BONY,
PIERCING EYES, A THIN HOOKED NOSE, AND LAUGHS
LIKE A GHOUL.

RIGHT, TO AT! I'LL PAY —

25

A THIN, HIGH-PITCHED MUSICAL NOTE SOUNDED.

WHAT WAS THAT?

THEY MUST BE TESTING A
RADIO BEACON. — AS I WAS
SAID, I'LL PAY FIVE THOUSAND
DOLLARS TO THE MAN WHO GETS
THAT EXTORTIONIST.

26

I THINK I'LL TAKE A CRACK AT THAT. I COULD USE
FIVE GRAND. CLIFFORD, WILL YOU GET ME THE PASSENGER
LISTS FROM THE TWO PLANES THAT HAVE BEEN BOMBED.

BUT LAY OFF WARD. YOU CAN'T GET A COURT CASE
AGAINST HIM. HE'S POISON — MY OWN PARTICULAR
BRAND. — GOOD DAY GENTLEMEN.

27

28

AS HE WAS LEAVING CLIFFORD'S OFFICE HE RAN INTO A PORTER. WHEN THE MAN SAW NELSON'S FACE HE TURNED PALE AND DARTED PAST HIM INTO THE OFFICE.

SHIFTY LEVIS! I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?



29

HE WAITED FOR THE PORTER TO REAPPEAR BUT HE EVIDENTLY LEFT BY ANOTHER DOOR. NELSON WALKED BACK TO THE OFFICE AND STUCK HIS HEAD IN THE DOOR.

I SAY, MR. CLIFFORD --

MR. NELSON! QUICK! HERE'S ANOTHER --



30

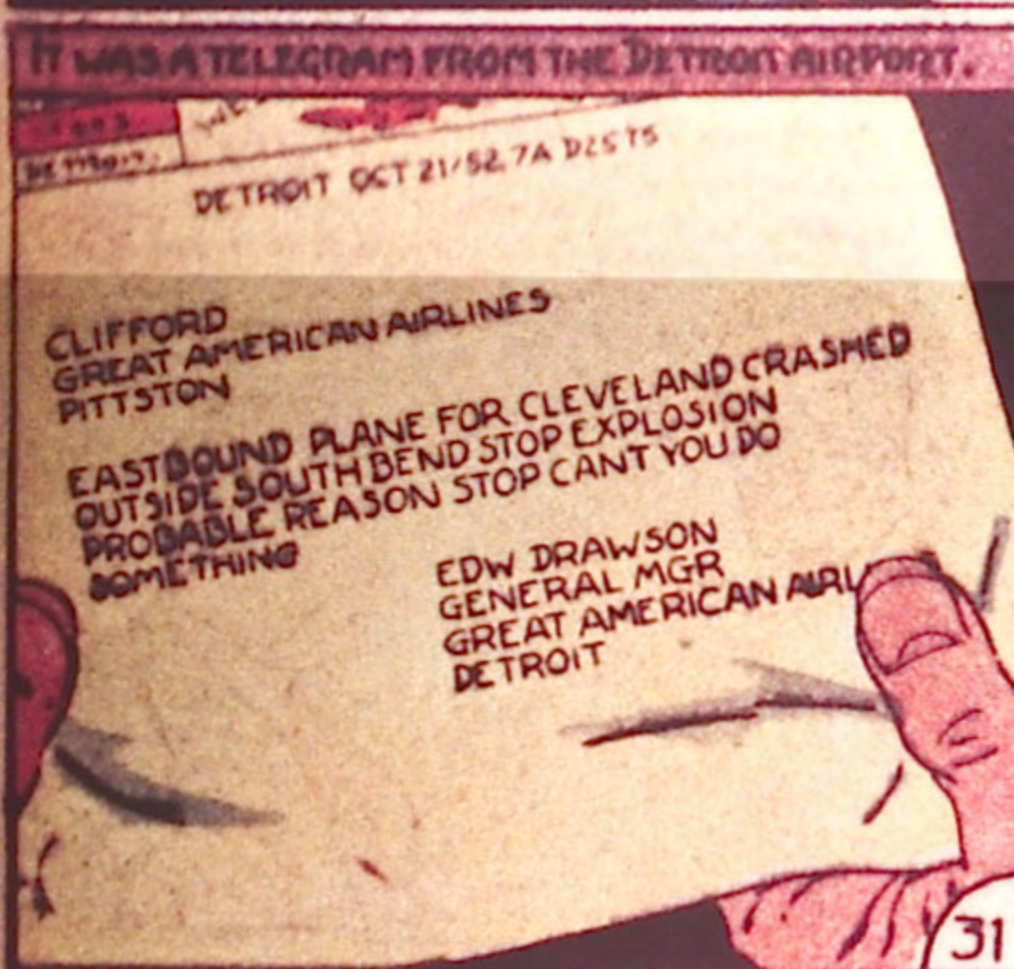
IT WAS A TELEGRAM FROM THE DETROIT AIRPORT.

DETROIT OCT 21/52 7A DLS TS

CLIFFORD
GREAT AMERICAN AIRLINES
PITTSBURGH

EASTBOUND PLANE FOR CLEVELAND CRASHED
OUTSIDE SOUTH BEND STOP EXPLOSION
PROBABLE REASON STOP CAN'T YOU DO
SOMETHING

EDW DRAWSON
GENERAL MGR
GREAT AMERICAN AIRL
DETROIT



31

I WANT THAT PASSENGER LIST, TOO, CLIFFORD. I'LL BET THERE WAS A WEALTHY MAN ON THAT SHIP. AND LOOK OUT FOR THE PORTER THAT BROUGHT IN THIS TELEGRAM. I RECOGNIZED HIM AS SHIFTY LEVIS, HE'S AN EX CON.



32

NELSON RETURNED TO HIS APARTMENT AND STUDIED THE PASSENGER LIST OF THE THREE PLANES.

JUST AS I THOUGHT. EACH PLANE CARRIED AT LEAST ONE MAN WEALTHY ENOUGH TO PAY EXTORTION MONEY.



33

AT ABOUT EIGHT O'CLOCK THAT EVENING NELSON HAD A CALLER. A TALL, DARK, TIRED LOOKING YOUNG MAN.

PAUL CRANDALL! HOW ARE YOU? I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN A LONG TIME. SIT DOWN.

HELLO BRUCE. I'VE BEEN BUSY MAKING MONEY. HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO DROP AROUND.



34

THAT'S NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT PAUL. WHAT ARE YOU DOING, COUNTERFEITING?

NO, MY MONEY IS GOOD. PROBABLY THAT'S WHY THEY'RE AFTER IT. READ THIS.



35

SCRIBBLED IN PENCIL, EH. "I do want that speed boat \$20,000 dollars is my price. If you expect to live, put the money in the first rural mail box outside of the city on route 26 - Ward



36

WERE YOU LEAVING TOWN TOMORROW AND TRAVELING BY PLANE?

YES. I ALWAYS TRAVEL BY PLANE. WHY?



37

THE EXTORTIONIST'S OTHER VICTIMS ALWAYS TRAVELED BY PLANE. I'LL BET THE PLANE YOU FLY IN TOMORROW WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS UNLESS YOU KICK IN WITH THE MONEY.

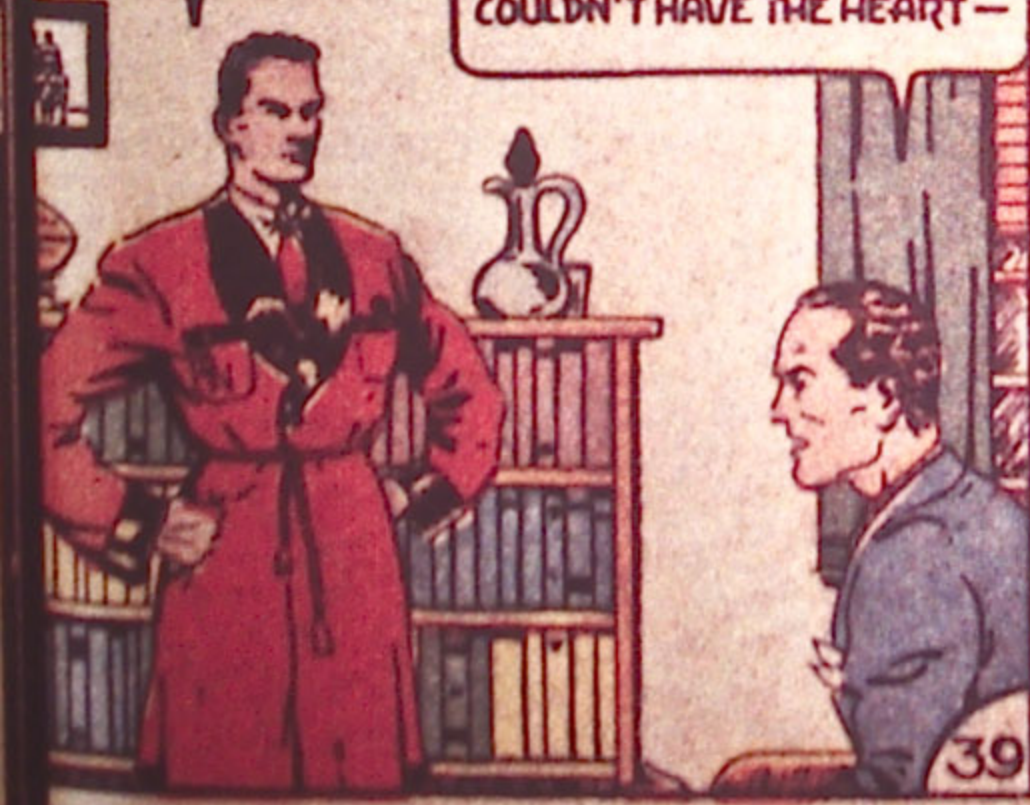
YOU DON'T MEAN THAT THOSE AWFUL AIR EXPLOSIONS WEREN'T ACCIDENTS.



38

NO, MURDER!

GOOD GOSH! BLOWING UP A WHOLE PLANE FULL OF PEOPLE JUST TO GET ONE MAN! HE COULDN'T HAVE THE HEART —



39

CRANDALL, MEN WHO KILL FOR GAIN HAVEN'T GOT HEARTS. IN THE PAST MONTH, THIS MAN HAS KILLED TWENTY-FIVE TO GET THREE. YOUR SHIP WOULD BE NO EXCEPTION. CAN YOU RAISE THE MONEY?



40

DO IT THEN. TAKE YOUR TRIP TOMORROW, BUT PAY UP FIRST. HE'D GET YOU ANYWAY EVEN IF YOU DIDN'T GO BY PLANE. IT'S SIMPLY SAFER FOR HIM TO KILL IN THE AIR.

YES, BUT —



BUT WHO DOES HE USE FOR A TOOL? I MEAN THE PERSON WHO SETS OFF THE BOMB IN THE PLANE. THAT AMOUNTS TO SUICIDE!

THE TOOL THAT SETS OFF THOSE BOMBS IS EVERYWHERE. IT ISN'T A PERSON, BUT IT'S IN THIS ROOM RIGHT NOW.



WHA-WHAT! —



I CAN SEE YOU DON'T FOLLOW ME. NOW RUN ALONG HOME PAUL, AND DON'T WORRY. I'M GOING TO SEE WARD.

NOT THE FIEND WHO WROTE ME THAT NOTE?



I DON'T KNOW NOW BUT I SOON WILL.



A SHORT TIME LATER HE WAS SPEEDING DOWN GROVE AVE. HIS DESTINATION CHARLTON ARMS, AN EXCLUSIVE APARTMENT BUILDING.





NELSON BROUGHT HIS SLEEK ROADSTER TO A STOP BEFORE CHRYSLER ARMS. WHEN HARRY WARD, AN ACE BLACKMAILER, WAS IN TOWN, HE WAS ALWAYS AT HOME IN APARTMENT C4.

HE RANG THE BELL AND PRESENTLY WARD HIMSELF ANSWERED THE DOOR.

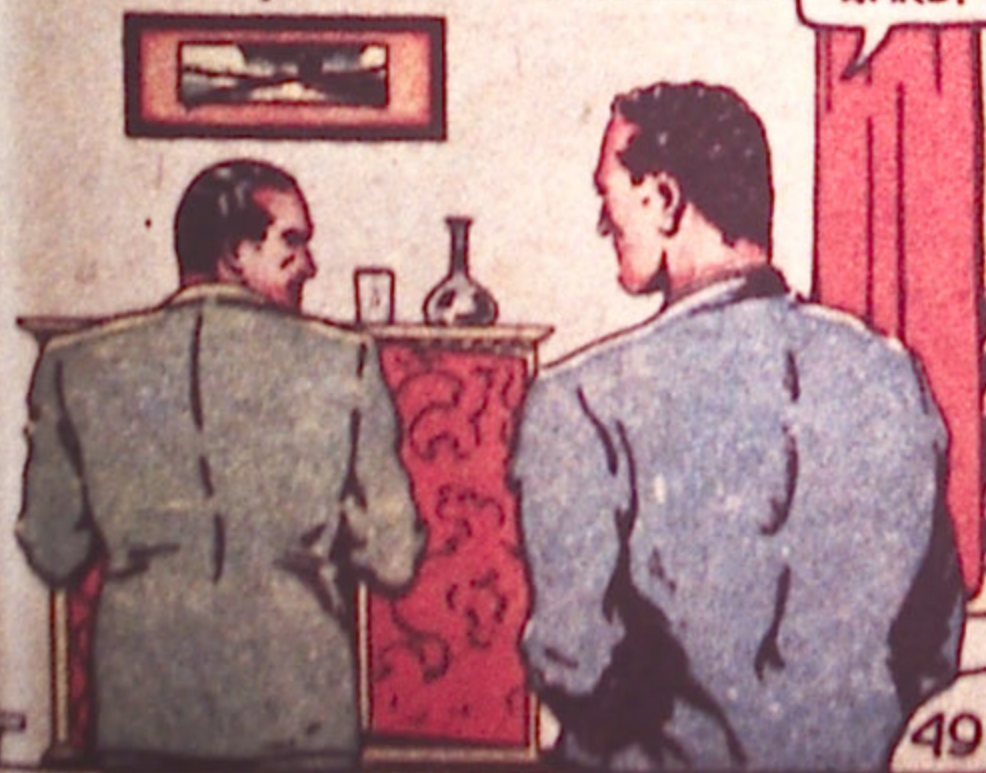
HELLO WARD.

WELL, WELL, MR. NELSON A LITTLE SURPRISE PARTY EH? COME IN.



WILL YOU HAVE A DRINK NELSON?

I'LL TAKE A GLASS OF GINGER ALE, THANKS WARD.



AND NOW NELSON, TO GET RIGHT DOWN TO BRASS TACKS, TOWHAT DO I OWE THIS VISIT.

CRANDON GOES FOR A RIDE TOMORROW. HE'S GOING ON ONE OF GREAT AMERICAN'S PLANES. YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT DID YOU, WARD?



WHAT'S IT TO ME?

AND UNLESS CRANDALL PLUNKS
DOWN TWENTY GRAND THAT
PLANE WON'T REACH ITS
DESTINATION.



51

THAT DOESN'T BOTHER ME.
I KEEP BOTH FEET ON THE GROUND.

WELL I THINK
YOU'LL LIFT THEM
TOMORROW.

I SORT OF LIKE CRANDALL SO I
THINK I'LL SEND YOU ON THE
TRIP WITH HIM AS A SORT OF
INSURANCE AGAINST HIS
GETTING HURT.



52

YOU'RE NOT BY ANY CHANCE
THREATENING ME, ARE YOU NELSON?

CALL IT WHAT
YOU WANT,
BUT YOU'RE
GOING ON THAT PLANE AT THE POINT
OF A GUN IF NECESSARY. UNLESS YOU
DECIDE TO TALK.



53

YOU KNOW CLIFFORD OF THE
GREAT AMERICAN AIRLINES
HAS A TELEGRAM YOU SENT HIM
— A BLACKMAIL NOTE.

WAIT UNTIL YOU
GET THAT TO COURT.



54

I'M NOT CRAZY ENOUGH TO TRY THAT.
BUT CRANDALL HAS A BLACKMAIL NOTE
— NOT A HINT THIS TIME, BUT A
DEMAND WITH YOUR SIGNATURE!
IT'LL STAND IN ANY COURT IN THE COUNTRY!

WHAT!
THAT'S A
BLASTED
LIE!

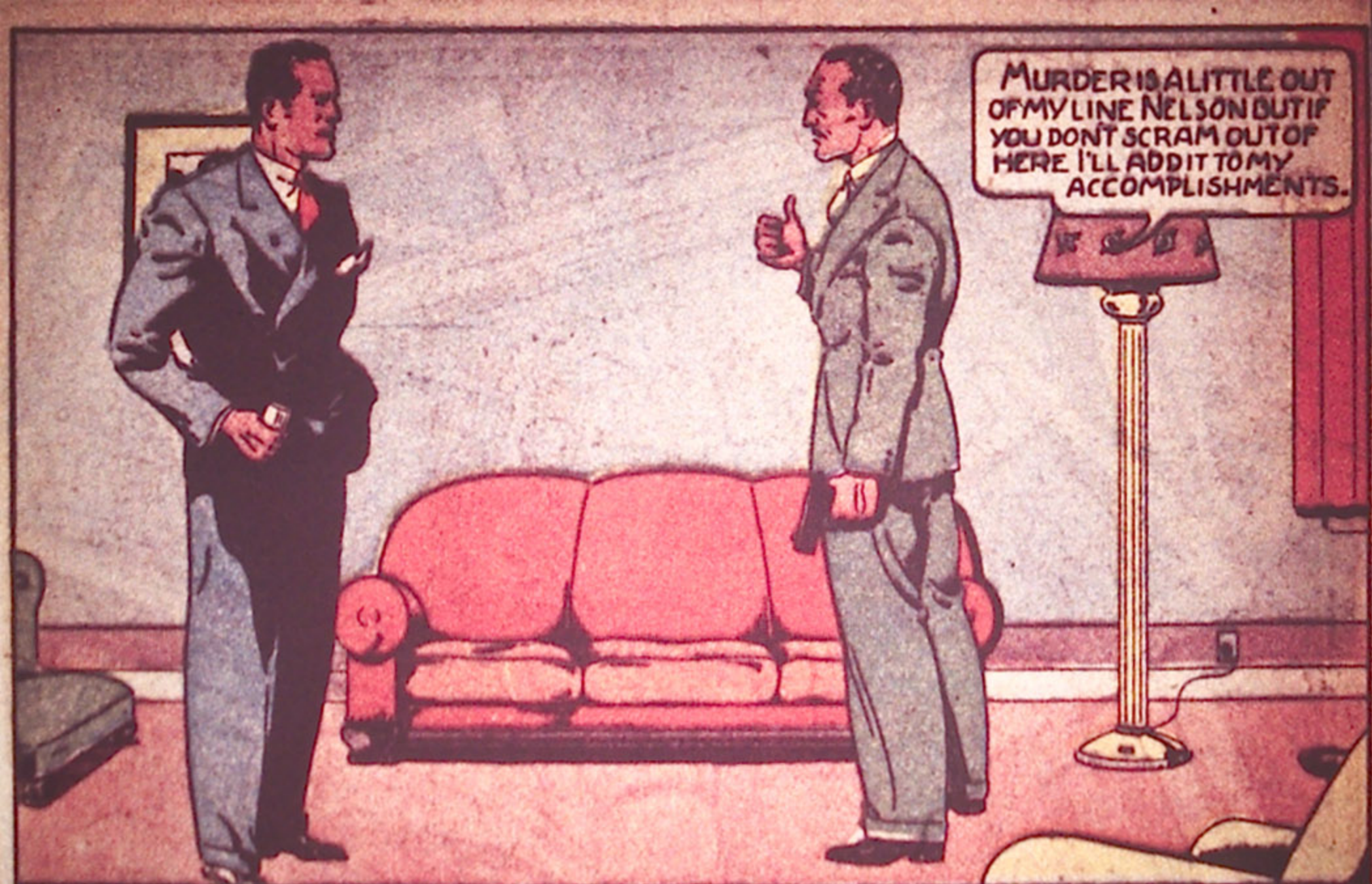


55

YOU KNOW A LOT MORE THAN I DO ABOUT IT, WARD.
YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY OR ELSE
YOU'LL BE ON THAT DOOMED PLANE TOMORROW
WITH CRANDALL.



56



MURDER IS A LITTLE OUT OF MY LINE NELSON BUT IF YOU DON'T SCRAM OUT OF HERE I'LL ADD IT TO MY ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

WITH A SNARL WARD WHIPPED OUT HIS AUTOMATIC AND WAVED IT THREATENINGLY AT NELSON • •



NELSON SLOWLY TOOK A DRINK OF THE GINGERALE AS HE CALMLY REGARDED THE ANGERED WARD.

CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE

79

COUNTERFEIT

by Vincent Sullivan



SLIM tilted his chair against the wall and placed his feet comfortably on my desk. He offered me a cigarette and plucked one from the pack for himself. Then he deftly struck a match on the sole of his upturned shoe and presently we were both blowing clouds of blue smoke towards the ceiling.

"Bill," he said, "I've got a story for you."

I leaned forward and perked my ears like a beagle. Slim was known in every city-room of every newspaper in the country as a raconteur of the first water. Any future writer would gladly give a week's salary and perhaps a bent arm, if necessary, for the exclusive privilege of putting on paper one of his yarns. Without exception, his stories had more punch than Dempsey in his prime. So when he greeted me with the simple statement of fact: "I've got a story for you", the old pulse started to beat faster and my fingers itched for the keys of my typewriter.

He evidently noticed my reaction. He smiled broadly and the corners of his blue eyes became more deeply etched.

"Now, don't get all excited, Bill," he warned. "The chances are that you won't be able to print it anyway."

"Why not, Slim?" I asked, puzzled.

"Let me tell it to you first," he replied, "and then, perhaps, the reason will be obvious."

The whole business (Slim began) started when I was stationed down in Philadelphia covering that Brockton affair. We had just about cleaned everything up when I received a call from the chief in Washington. I got down there that night and went directly to his office.

"Slim," he said, "I've got an idea that some fireworks are getting ready to bust pretty soon."

"What's the dope this time, Chief?" I asked. "Another big tax-evasion case?"

"Nothing as simple as that," he replied, chewing on his black cigar. "However, it should be right up your alley . . . counterfeiting!"

"Somebody else has the smart notion they can make green-backs as good as Uncle Sam, eh? Where'd the tip come from?"

The Chief produced a telegram in code from his desk. "Browne

wired me the vague details this morning. It appears that this gang, whoever they are, are working right here in Washington."

"They've got lots of nerve, at that," I said.

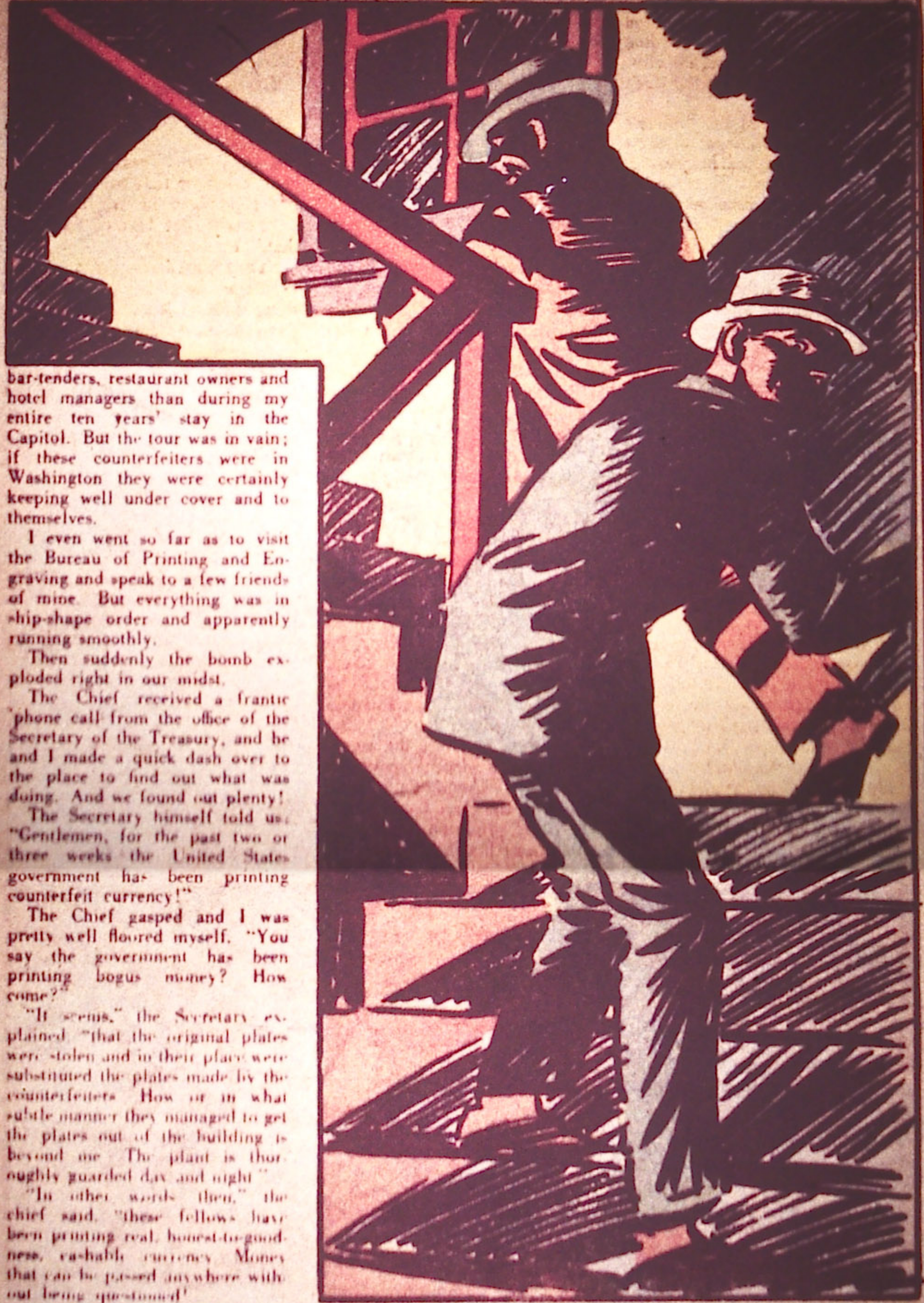
"They must have plenty. That's what leads me to believe that something unusual is going to happen. Even the most smart counterfeiters know enough to stay as far as possible from Washington and work in the large cities throughout the middle-West and on the West coast. But when they have the audacity to operate here in the Capitol, then their plans must call for some very extraordinary tactics."

"What'll our first step be, Chief?" I asked.

"At present we have very little to work on, Slim," the Chief answered. "So I suggest you prowl around the city, visit all the hotels, bars, night-clubs and political associations, and try to glean as much information as possible. We'll have to get something tangible before we can sink our teeth into it."

DURING that following week I think I can truthfully state that I paid my respects to more





bar-tenders, restaurant owners and hotel managers than during my entire ten years' stay in the Capitol. But the tour was in vain; if these counterfeiters were in Washington they were certainly keeping well under cover and to themselves.

I even went so far as to visit the Bureau of Printing and Engraving and speak to a few friends of mine. But everything was in ship-shape order and apparently running smoothly.

Then suddenly the bomb exploded right in our midst.

The Chief received a frantic phone call from the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, and he and I made a quick dash over to the place to find out what was doing. And we found out plenty!

The Secretary himself told us: "Gentlemen, for the past two or three weeks the United States government has been printing counterfeit currency!"

The Chief gasped and I was pretty well floored myself. "You say the government has been printing bogus money? How come?"

"It seems," the Secretary explained, "that the original plates were stolen and in their place were substituted the plates made by the counterfeiters. How or in what subtle manner they managed to get the plates out of the building is beyond me. The plant is thoroughly guarded day and night."

"In other words then," the chief said, "these fellows have been printing real, honest-to-goodness, cashable currency. Money that can be passed anywhere without being questioned!"

"That's correct," the Secretary replied. "And the Government, on the other hand, has been flooding the country with counterfeit bills. Quite a complex situation, don't you think?"

The Chief rubbed his chin and pulled out a black cigar to chew on. "It was an inside job, of course?"

"It appears to have been," the Secretary answered. "Last week two of the men in the pressroom handed in their resignations. They were obviously the ones who transplanted the plates. We endeavored to contact them but they seem to have disappeared from the face of the earth."

The Chief turned to me. "Well, Slim, they've finally shown their hand. Now it's up to us to outplay them."

Back in the Chief's office was another coded telegram from Browne up in New York. He was evidently working like a ferret, and in the message he wrote that from all indications the counterfeiters were situated either in Manhattan or across the river in Brooklyn. Still, nothing was definite and he based this assumption on fragments of information and a keen sense of deduction. Browne was a wizard along these lines and you could invariably depend upon his assertions being correct.

"Browne is probably on the right trail," the Chief said, "so you'd better skip up to New York and give him a hand."

I HOPPED aboard a train pulling out of the Union Station late that night and the following morning I was eating breakfast with Browne in his room at the Pennsylvania Hotel.

"These gents are plenty smart, Slim," he said to me over his coffee. "Anyone who can swipe the currency plates out of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving and get away with it has something on the ball and there's no denying it."

"Any further leads on them?" I asked.

Browne lit a cigarette. "I've got two places spotted. One here in Manhattan on the lower west side and the other over in Brooklyn,



down by the East River. I'm not sure, but I think we'll find their plant in either of these places and the only way to be certain is to go take a look."

"When do we start?"

"The sooner the better. Before they suspect we're hot on their trail."

That evening Browne and I took a cab across the Brooklyn Bridge to the City of Churches. The driver, following my friend's directions, wound down through the narrow streets towards the waterfront. A few minutes later Browne ordered the cabby to stop. We got out, paid him off and continued along on foot.

The streets were practically deserted save for an occasional slouched figure that would shuffle by us in the deep gloom. On both sides of the thoroughfare were tall, plain-walled warehouses and coffee-roasting plants. In the distance we could hear the muffled hoots of the tugs and sundry river craft.

We finally halted and Browne pointed out the building. It was evidently a warehouse and it had the same appearance as the other sombre looking structures in the neighborhood.

A small door, that was locked, led to the various offices.

"Guess we'll have to try the back way," suggested Browne.

We walked around the corner to the side of the building and discovered that the freight entrance was open. We stepped in and found ourselves in utter darkness.

Browne played his flash-light around and to our right we saw a long corridor. Directly before us was a stairway that aroused our curiosity.

SUDDENLY Browne flicked out the light and placed his hand on my arm. "Hold it, Slim I just heard a sound."

We paused, and in the stillness I thought I detected a noise not unlike the metallic click of a closing door.

"Unless I'm greatly mistaken, old man," whispered Browne, "this is the place we want. Now here's what I suggest: this hall in front of us winds around the entire floor, so let's split up and make a complete circuit and meet back here in say, five minutes."

"Okay!" I responded, and set off to my left.

It was so dark that I felt as if I was walking through a bottle of black ink. I tightened my right hand around the automatic hanging in my shoulder holster and proceeded slowly, keeping close to the wall. The hallway was absolutely quiet and in a little over a minute's time I reached the end of it where it opened out onto the fire-exit stairway.

I listened carefully, but there wasn't a sound. Then I turned and retraced my steps back to the head of the stairs where I was to meet Browne.

He hadn't returned yet so I leaned against the railing and waited. A minute passed and then another . . . and still one more.

I was beginning to get anxious and when five minutes or so had passed I decided to follow Browne and see what had happened. So off I went down the hall to my right. I reached a turn and edged around it discretely and then advanced along the wall for about twenty-five feet.

At that moment a door closed at the far end of the corridor and I thought I heard the murmur of voices. I drew the automatic from the holster and slipped forward quietly.

As I approached the entrance I saw a thin strip of light beneath the door . . . somebody was in the room on the other side.

THE sound of voices was now quite loud, but I was still unable to distinguish what was being said. So I put my hand on the knob and turned it. The door swung back and opened on a dimly-lighted room with three men standing in the center.

My eyes traveled quickly from the group to a huddled figure lying in the corner. It was Browne, all right, bound hand and foot, adhesive tape over his mouth and out like a light.





head into the water. I performed this little trick three or four times until I felt fully awake. The water, too, had taken all the strength out of the chloroform-soaked sponge.

Next, I crawled over to the printing press standing in the center of the room and backed myself against the angular, steel leg of the machine. In this position I could work with my hands on each side of the leg and possibly cut the rope binding me.

It seemed as if I moved my arms up and down for a thousand years . . . and then the rope snapped.

Three minutes later I had Browne untied and was on the 'phone calling police headquarters. They sent a squad car around and Browne and I and the police went spinning over the Manhattan Bridge and up the west side to the Furness Line piers. We arrived ten minutes before the Princess of Bermuda was scheduled to pull out and we had the pleasure of nabbing those four gents just as they were about to climb the gang-plank.

"That's the story, Bill," said Slim, flicking his cigarette away, "and perhaps you can see now why I didn't think you'd be able to print it?"

"Definitely," I replied. "Our readers would probably die laughing if they saw a headline in our rag saying: United States Prints Counterfeit Money!"

THE END

They bound me and threw me down beside Browne and one of them was all for doing away with us then and there. The others objected and they decided to put me to sleep for awhile. "We'll use the chloroform gag. That'll give us time to pack our things and hop aboard the Princess of Bermuda that's sailing at midnight tonight."

They propped me up and tied a chloroform-soaked sponge beneath my chin. In fifteen minutes they had the United States currency plates and all their other accessories packed and ready to leave and by that time my head was beginning to spin and my eyes were getting heavy.

"Pleasant dreams, mug!" they sneered, and they closed the door behind them.

I HAD to act quickly before I passed out of the picture altogether.

On a table near the wall was a telephone, but my chances of ever reaching it seemed pretty remote. I had to get the chloroform sponge off my chin and get it off in a hurry . . . I was getting tired and sleepy.

Over in the opposite corner was a pail filled with water, evidently in case of fire. That seemed like my only chance, so I rolled over on my side and wriggled myself snake-like across the floor. I reached the pail with a hundred splinters pricking my legs and stomach. Then I forced myself up, and taking a deep breath, plunged my

The three gents were gathered around a small hand press which one of them was working. "Good evening, fellows," I said, leveling automatic at them.

They wheeled around, cursing. "Another Fed, eh?" one of them snarled.

"Quite correct," I assured them. "And please keep those mitts of yours stretched towards the ceiling or I'll be forced to squeeze this little trigger."

I advanced into the room, but there must have been a fourth counterfeiter standing behind a large cabinet to my left. Something whizzed through the air and cracked me right on the back of the neck. I went down on my knees and the automatic popped from my hand and skipped across the floor.

Then the four of them closed in on me.

With those odds against me I think I did a pretty fair job. Before they had me completely down, I handed two of them a pair of beautiful-looking shiners and had a third gent gasping for air through a blood-covered nose.

THIS GENUINE JUNIOR GUITAR FOR YOU!

Get this handsome instrument NOW. Here's how. Just send your name and address to: SEND NO MONEY WE TRUST YOU with six packs of Garden Seeds to get a free guitar. When you send \$4.00 to collect and we will send you this beautiful junior guitar. And Free Music Instruction in 15 minutes. SEND. Write for seeds NOW. A good word will do. Address: LANCASTER COUNTY SEED COMPANY, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

The ADAMS CASE BY ALGER

— THE LIFELESS BODY OF OLD JOHN ADAMS
WAS FOUND IN HIS STUDY ON THE NIGHT OF
DECEMBER
TENTH —



— MRS. WATSON, THE HOUSEKEEPER,
SAID SHE DISCOVERED
THE BODY AT
EIGHT O'CLOCK —



WOT IS
IT,
MISSUS
WATSON
?

— SHE HAD NOTIFIED
THE POLICE AT
5 MINUTES PAST
EIGHT —



— OLD SIMMS, ADAMS'S
GARDENER, AND THE
ONLY OTHER PERSON
LIVING IN THE ADAMS
HOUSE, SAID HE'D
BEEN IN THE VILLAGE,
AT THE TIME,
PLAYING DOMINOES
WITH CRONIES —



— AND SIMMS' CRONIES
ALL SAID THE
SAME —



SIMMS
PLAYED
DOMINOES
WITH US
FM SIX
TILL
EIGHT-
THIRTY —

THEN WE
HEARD
'BOUT
ADAMS
!!

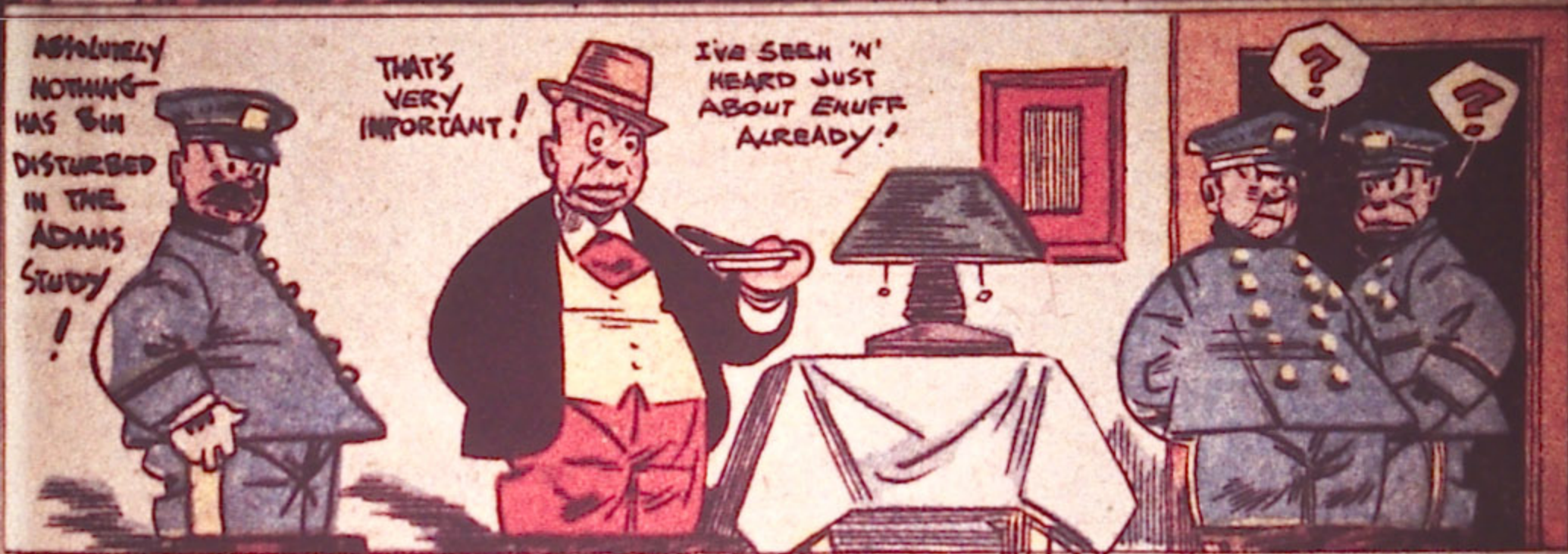
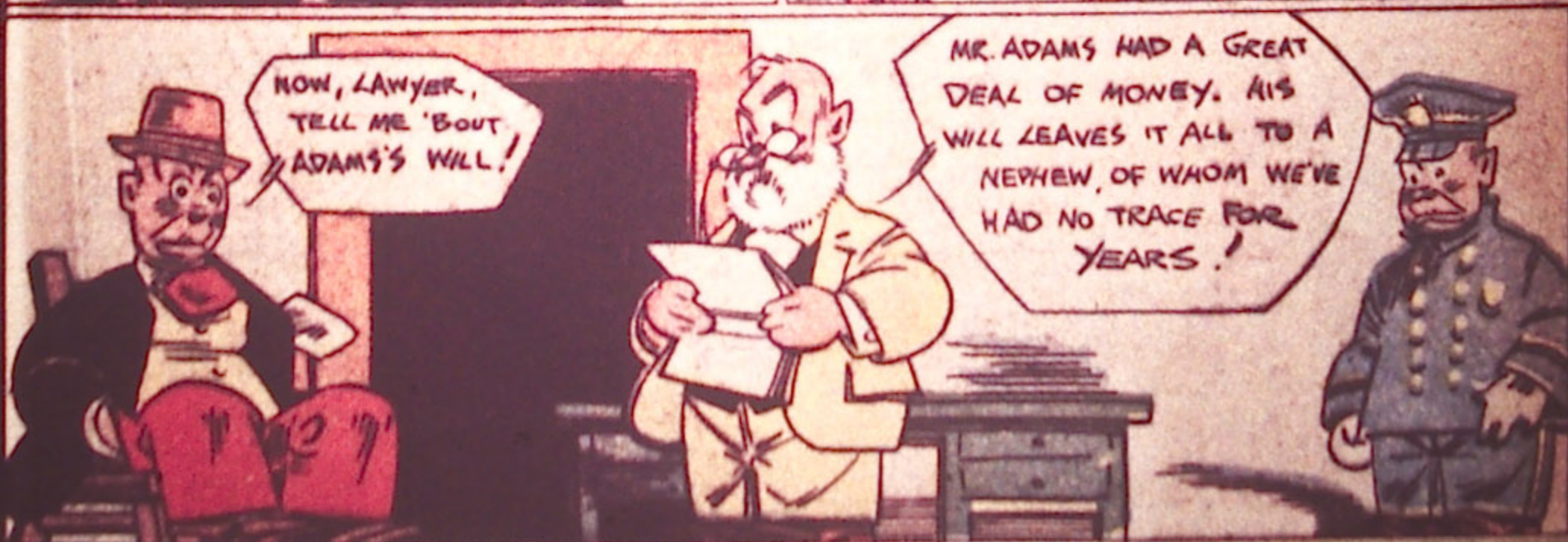
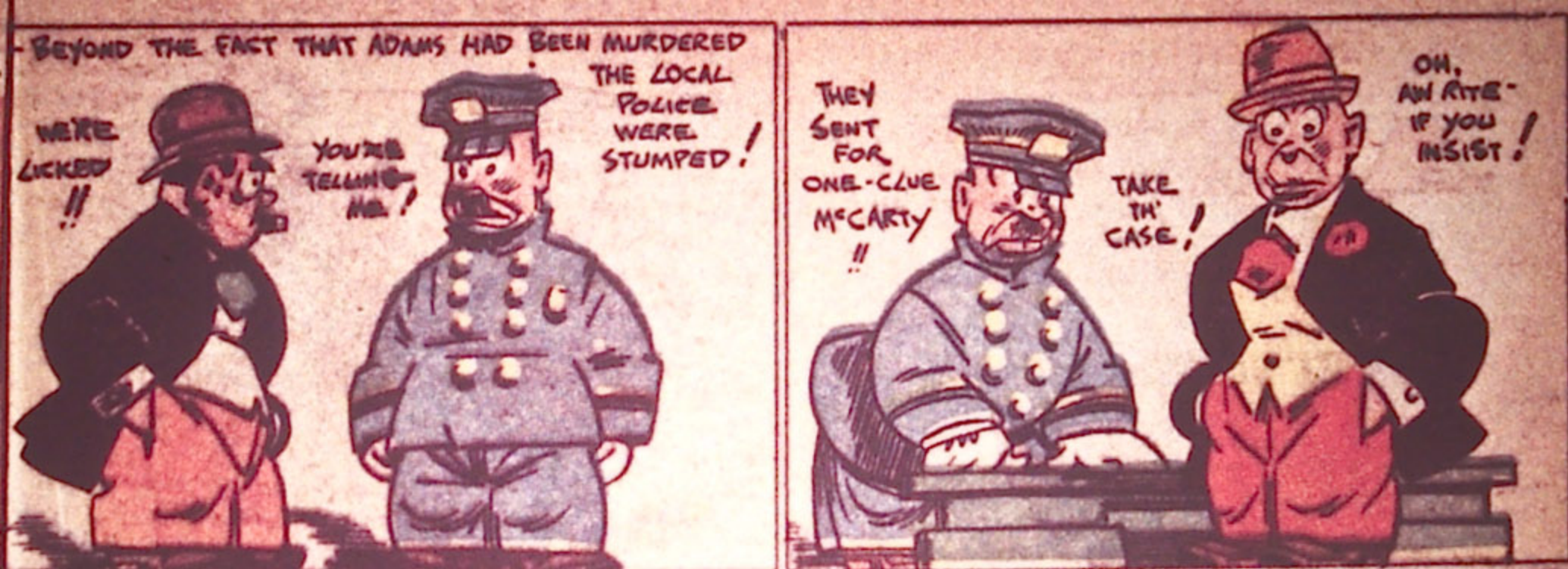


— A DELIVERY BOY
SAID HE SAW
MR. ADAMS, ALIVE
AND WELL, AT
SIX O'CLOCK —



— MRS. WATSON SAID SHE WAS AT
A NEIGHBOR'S, MRS. I
TOOMEY'S, VISITING—
FROM SEVEN TO
EIGHT. AFTER
GETTING MR.
ADAMS'S SUPPER—
AND THEN, REACHING
HOME, SHE MADE
THE DISCOVERY —





- UNCLE JOE SPARKS SAID MRS. WATSON PHONED HIM AT HIS STORE AT SIX-FORTY-FIVE ABOUT GROCERIES - AND DURING THE CONVERSATION STOPPED AND TALKED TO MR. ADAMS ABOUT AN ITEM ON HER GROCERY LIST!

SHE PHONED ME AT 6:45 !!



- AND SO PEOPLE WERE ASKING, "WHO KILLED MR. ADAMS BETWEEN SEVEN AND EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NITE OF DEC. 10TH?"



SIMMS, OL' BEAN, MR. ADAMS SMOKED FINE CIGARS, DIDN'T HE! AND ONE OF HIS SAYINGS WAS, "NEVER LET A GOOD CIGAR GO OUT!" ?



RIGHT YOU ARE, SIR! I'VE HEARD HIM SAY IT, MANY'S THE TIME !!



NO LOVE WAS LOST BETWEEN JOHN ADAMS AND HIS NEPHEW, HENRY ADAMS! HENRY WAS A ROTTER! YET HENRY WAS JOHN'S ONLY BLOOD RELATION AND PRIDE OF FAMILY DROVE JOHN TO WILL THE NEER-DO-WELL HIS ALL!



JOHN HAD LOST TRACE O' HENRY BUT HANK HADN'T LOST TRACE O' JOHN. I ASSURE YOU!



IN FACT IS ADAMS WAS DEAD BEFORE SEVEN O'CLOCK!



MRS. WATSON, PHONING GROCER SPARKS, STOPPED 'N' ASKED ADAMS A QUESTION - BUT ADAMS DIDN'T ANSWER -

- FOR A VERY GOOD REASON !! AND IT WAS CLEVER TO GET SPARKS THUS TO OFFER, VOLUNTARILY AND INNOCENTLY, AN ALIBI COVERING THE HOUR OF SIX-FORTY-FIVE!

YIKOW - I SAID THAT ALL ALONG !!



THINGS MOVED TO A RAPID CONCLUSION -

ONE-CLUE MCCARTY CAUSED
HENRY ADAMS' ARREST
IN MEXICO, FROM WHERE
HE'D KEPT UP AN
UNDER-COVER
CORRESPONDENCE
WITH MRS. WATSON -



ADAMS, WE'RE GIVIN'
YOU TILL THE FIRST O'
TH' YEAR
T' PAY !!

HENRY ADAMS,
DESPERATELY
INVOLVED
FINANCIALLY,
MOVED TO GET
HIS UNCLE'S
ESTATE.



WHAT, PEOPLE WANTED
TO KNOW,
HAD BEEN ONE-
CLUE MCCARTY'S
ONE CLUE
THIS TIME?



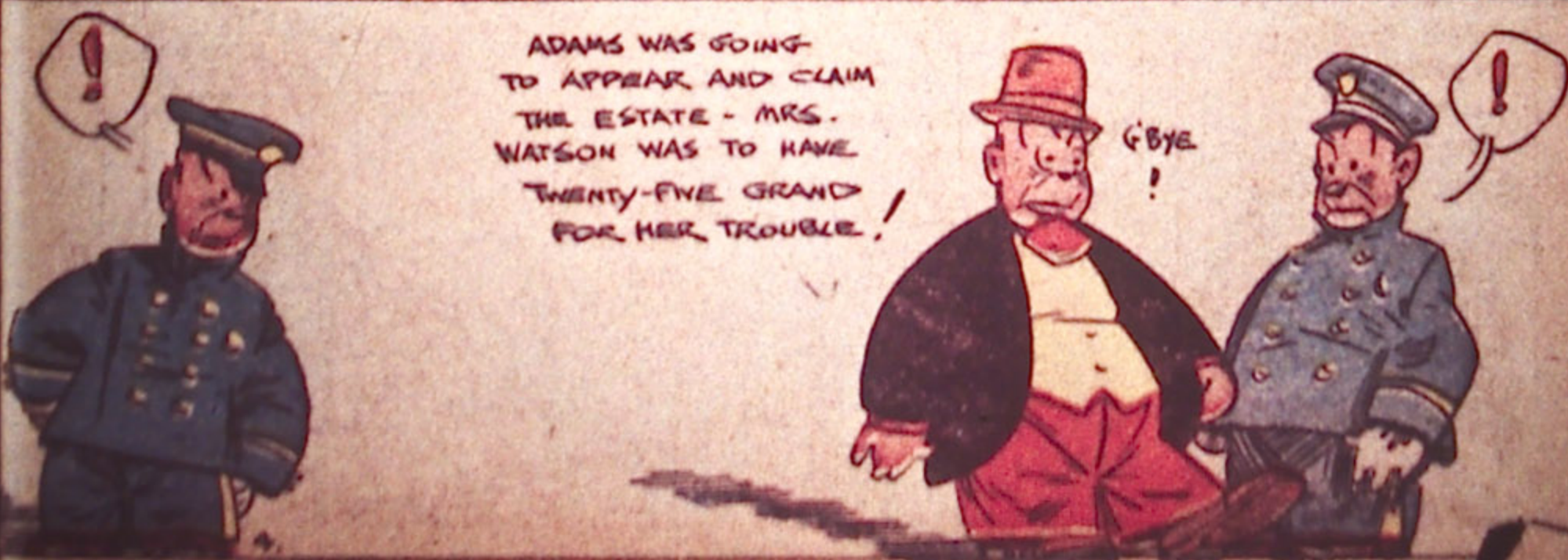
JOHN ADAMS SUPPED
AT 6:15 AS USUAL AND
AT 6:35 LIT HIS
CIGAR !!

ADAMS ALWAYS SMOKED HIS
CIGAR STEADILY TO THE
FINISH! THE CIGAR I
FOUND HAD ONLY A
QUARTER-INCH OF ASH
ON IT - MRS. WATSON DID
HIM IN JUST BEFORE
'PICKING SPARKS'.



ADAMS WAS GOING
TO APPEAR AND CLAIM
THE ESTATE - MRS.
WATSON WAS TO HAVE
TWENTY-FIVE GRAND
FOR HER TROUBLE!

GOODBYE!



SPY

by SIGGEL and SHUSTER

UPON THEIR FIRST DAY IN PARIS, SALLY AND BART CONTACT U.S. SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS

WHEN OUR WORK WAS COMPLETED ON THE LINER COLOSSUS, WE RECEIVED A CODE WIRE INSTRUCTING US TO GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU!

YES. -- THERE IS A CERTAIN DELICATE MATTER WHICH MUST BE ATTENDED TO, AND WE FEEL YOU COULD BEST HANDLE IT!

A HABITUE OF THE NOTORIOUS UNDERWORLD DIVE, THE RUE MOLIN, NAMED RENE D'ARNOT, IS SUSPECTED OF BEING A PAID ASSASSIN OF INTERNATIONAL GANGSTERS, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF MANY AMERICAN DIPLOMATS. -- THIS MAN MUST NOT LIVE TO CARRY ON HIS REIGN OF TERROR!

YOU MEAN WE'RE TO -- TO KILL HIM?

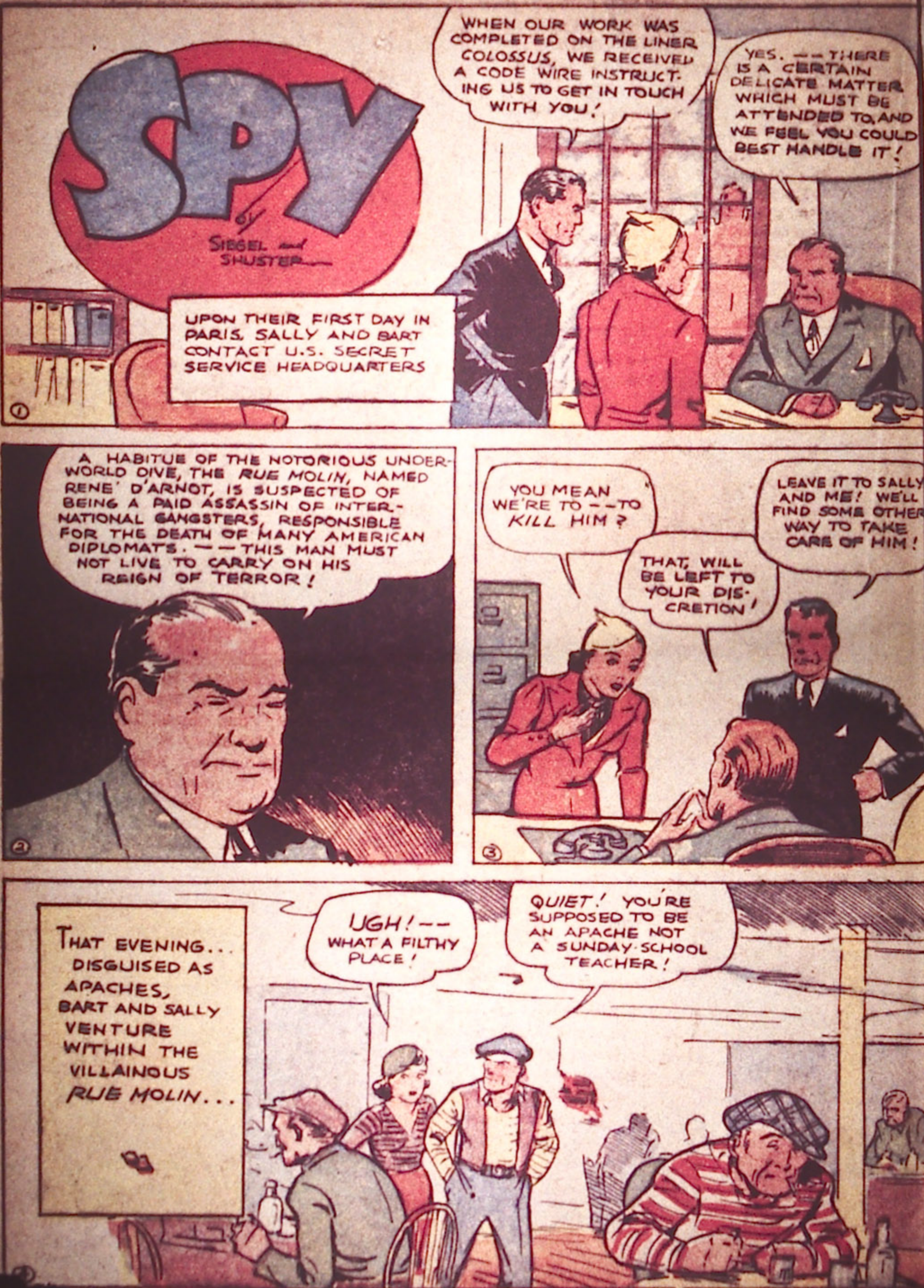
THAT, WILL BE LEFT TO YOUR DISCRETION!

LEAVE IT TO SALLY AND ME! WE'LL FIND SOME OTHER WAY TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!

THAT EVENING... DISGUISED AS APACHES, BART AND SALLY VENTURE WITHIN THE VILLAINOUS RUE MOLIN...

UGH! -- WHAT A FILTHY PLACE!

QUIET! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AN APACHE NOT A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER!



SHORTLY AFTER BART AND SALLY HAVE SEATED THEMSELVES, THERE IS A HOARSE SHOUT, THEN SCUFFLING AT A NEARBY TABLE . . .

DUG! NO ONE CAN CALL RENE' D'ARNOT A CHEATER AT CARDS!

THERE'S OUR MAN!

NICE GUY, ISN'T HE?



THE PATRONS OF THE RUE MOLIN, PAY SCARCELY ANY ATTENTION TO THE BRAWL. D'ARNOT'S UNCONSCIOUS VICTIM IS CARRIED AWAY -- FIVE MINUTES LATER, TWO STATELY MEN STROLL BY D'ARNOT, GIVE HIM A QUICK NOD, THEN CONTINUE ON.

LOOK! THEY'RE GOING INTO A BACK ROOM!

AND D'ARNOT IS FOLLOWING THEM!



7.

THIS MAY BE THE LUCKY BREAK WE'VE BEEN PRAYING FOR!

YOU WAIT HERE A FEW MINUTES, WHILE I INVESTIGATE



BUT AS SALLY ATTEMPTS TO EAVESDROP UPON D'ARNOT, THE DOOR IS SUDDENLY JERKED OPEN BEFORE HER FACE!

AS I THOUGHT, GENTLEMEN! -- I TOLD YOU SOME ONE WAS AT THE DOOR!

STEP IN! AND NOT A WORD OUT OF YOU!



SPEAK QUICKLY!
WHAT WERE
YOU DOING AT
THE DOOR?

I SAW RENE' WIN
THAT BRAWL! HE WAS
BRUTAL— BUT
SUPERB! I JUST
HAD TO MEET HIM!



ENOUGH OF THIS
QUIBBLING! AMBAS-
SADOR HANLEY MUST
DIE BEFORE HE
ENTERS THE FRENCH
EMBASSY!

A THOUSAND
THANKS! — AS FOR
THE AMBASSADOR
— HE IS AS
GOOD AS DEAD
RIGHT NOW.

HERE IS
YOUR FEE!



10

NO, NO — YOU
UNDERESTIMATE MY
CHARMS! IF MON
CHERI HAS FALLEN
MADLY IN LOVE WITH
ME, WELL THAT IS
ONLY NATURAL!

SHE'S
LYING!



AS SALLY
DEPARTS
WITH D'ARNOT,
SHE NOTES
WITH TERROR
THAT BART
IS NOT
IN SIGHT!

HA! HA! —
CAN YOU IMAGINE
YOUR FRIENDS
MISTAKING ME FOR
A POLICE SPY?

HA! HA! — AN' IF IT
WERE TRUE, I WOULD
SLIT YOUR THROAT
LIKE THAT!

SNAP



M-MAYBE HANLEY
WON'T SHOW UP!
L-LET'S GO!

BE PATIENT, MY
PRETTY ONE! OR I'LL
KILL YOU INSTEAD



BUT THE AMBASSADOR WHIRLS,
DODGES, AND FIRES DIRECTLY
AT THE ONRUSHING APACHE!

SORRY. —
I DON'T ACCEPT
GIFTS FROM
STRANGERS!

YA-A-AA!



SUDDENLY A CAR BEARING THE
INSIGNIA OF THE AMERICAN COUNCIL
DRAWS TO THE CURB. AS AN
AMBASSADOR EMERGES AND BEGINS
TO CLIMB THE STAIRS OF THE EM-
BASSY, RENE LEAPS FORWARD,
KNIFE DRAWN!

I OFFER YOU
A GIFT —
DEATH!

EE-EE!
LOOK OUT!



AS GENDARMES DASH UP, THE "AMBAS-
SADOR" REMOVES HIS BEARD AND GLASSES,
REVEALING HIS TRUE IDENTITY...

BART!

I OVERHEARD THAT CONVERSA-
TION WHEN YOU WERE CAP-
TURED, AND INFORMED HANLEY
OF HIS DANGER. HE PERMITTED
ME TO TAKE HIS PLACE. —
D'ARNOT WILL NO LONGER
ATTEMPT ANY ASSASSINATIONS!



THE END

COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN



THEY SEEM TO STAND
BETTER THAN A FAIR
CHANCE TO SWEEP
THE BALLOT---

DORAN, THOUGH,
HAS THE MONEY
BEHIND HIM---



IN A SMALL, EXCLUSIVE, RESTAURANT IN NEW YORK CITY, COSMO IS HAVING LUNCH WITH ONE COLONEL JEFFERSON TOWNE, WEALTHY PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE NEWSPAPER.

OUT OF MY WAY--
WHERE'S THAT BIG
LOUD-TRAP OF
A---OH! THERE
HE IS---



A WILD-EYED MAN SUDDENLY BURSTS INTO THE ROOM, AND SEEING THE PUBLISHER, MAKES FOR HIS TABLE.

I HAVE REASON TO
BELIEVE, THOUGH--
WHY?---
WHAT'S THIS ???

SAY, YOU'--
WHAT DO YOU MEAN
BY PRINTING YOUR
DIRTY DIGS AT ME IN
YOUR CHEAP
TRASH-PAPER,
YOU--



WHO ARE YOU ?--
AND WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT ?

OH! YOU KNOW
WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT,
ALRIGHT--



I'M HENRY BRADDOCK, RUNNING
FOR COUNCIL-MAN. YOUR
LIBELOUS STATEMENTS
ABOUT ME IN YOUR
DAILY RAG IS CRIMP-
ING MY CHANCES
FOR BEING ELECT-
ED. I WANT IT
STOPPED---

I'M SORRY, MY DEAR
BRADDOCK-- BUT I
PRINT ONLY SUCH NEWS
AND ARTICLES THAT ARE
TRUE--





6 INFURIATED, BRADDOCK SEIZES A VASE, AND ATTEMPTS TO STRIKE TOWNE.



7 COSMO SPRINGS AT THE ASSAILANT AND LANDS A WELL-AIMED BLOW TO HIS CHIN.



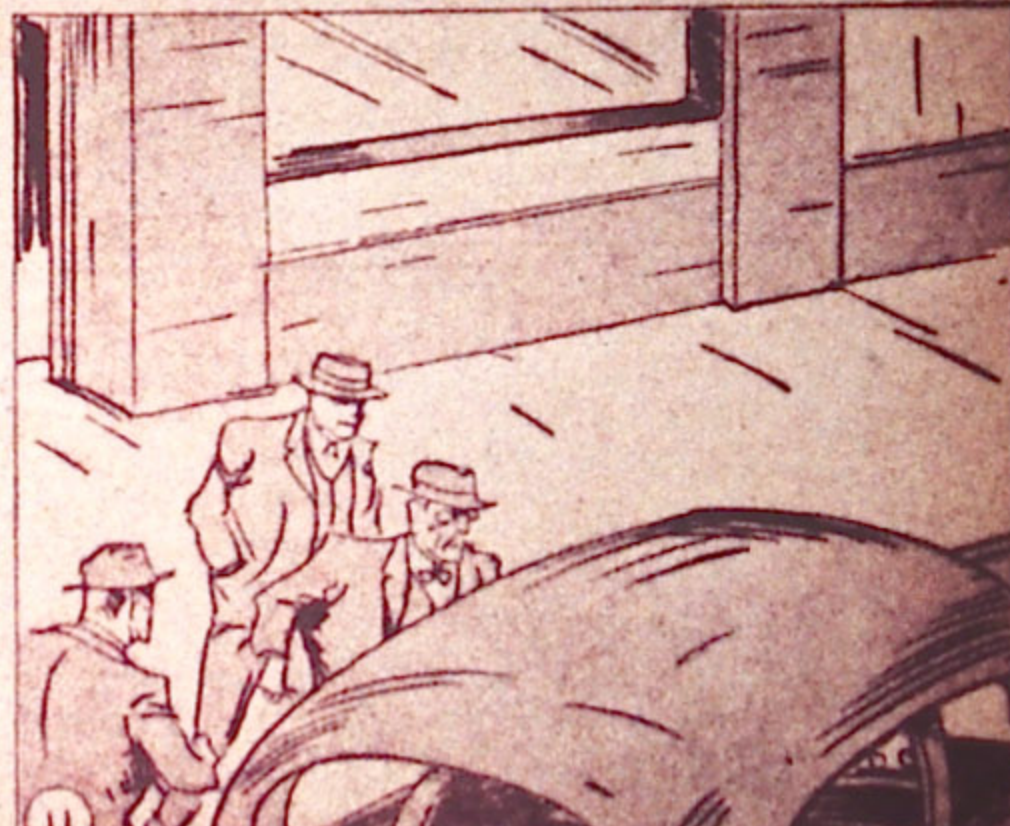
8 WAITERS GRAB AND HUSTLE THE STRUG- GLING POLITICIAN FROM THE RESTAURANT.



9



10 ON THE WAY OUT COSMO AND TOWNE RUN INTO CLARK DAVIS, THE MANAGING EDITOR OF THE GLOBE.



11 THE THREE DRIVE BACK TO THE NEWSPAP- ER PLANT.



EXTRA! EXTRA!
GLOBE EXPOSES NEW
PLOT OF BRADDOCK'S
ALLIES!



20

CORRUPTION
RAMPANT IN
BRADDOCK FAC-
TION...

EVIDENCE HAS BEEN
UNCOVERED THAT
SEVERAL PRECINCTS
OF BRADDOCK'S
HENCHMEN HAVE
MISUSED CITY FUNDS



21

TOWNE, HOWEVER, CONTINUES HIS EXPOSURES OF CORRUPT POLITICS IN THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

AHW! CUT YOUR
SQUALLING, KID
OR YOU'LL GET
SMACKED TOO!



22

SOME UNKNOWN POWER PRESSES IT'S AT-TACK ON THE GLOBE, AS ---



23

PAPERS ARE DESTROYED, NEWS STANDS OVERTURNED AND OTHER ATROCITIES COMMITTED.



24

THINGS COME TO A CLIMAX AS ONE OF THE GLOBE'S TRUCK-DRIVERS IS BRUTALLY BEATEN TO DEATH WHEN TRYING TO DEFEND HIS TRUCKLOAD OF PAPERS.

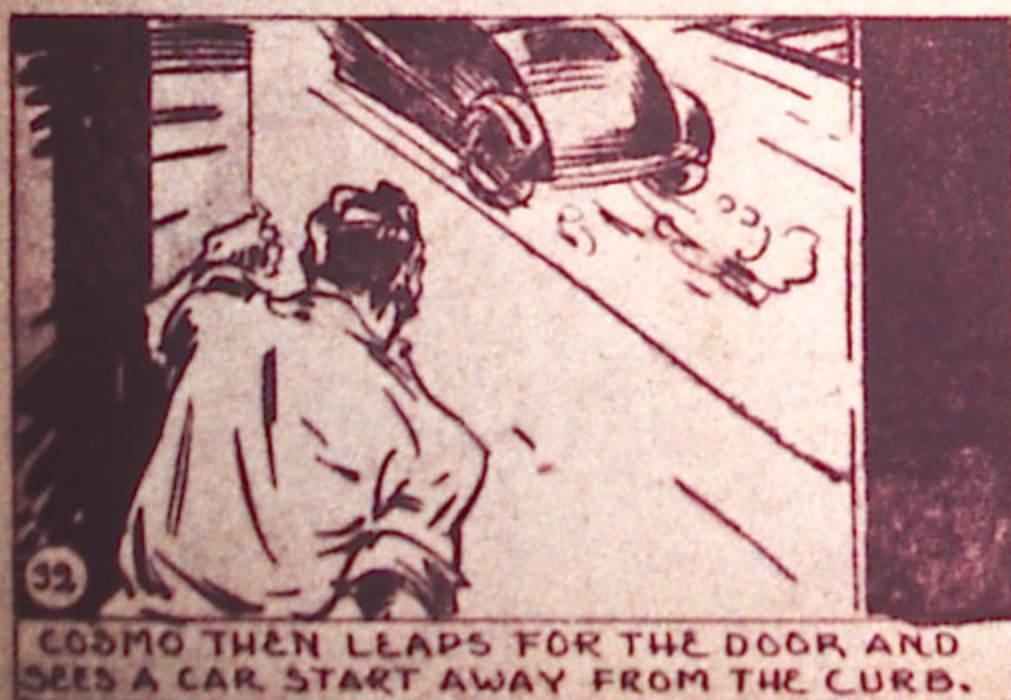
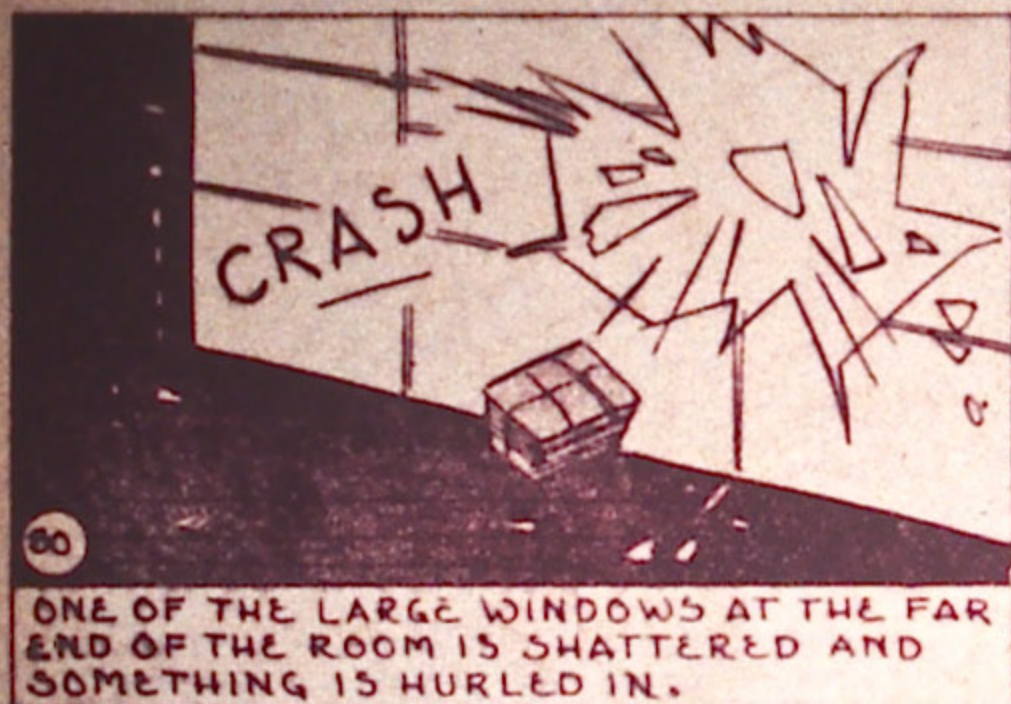
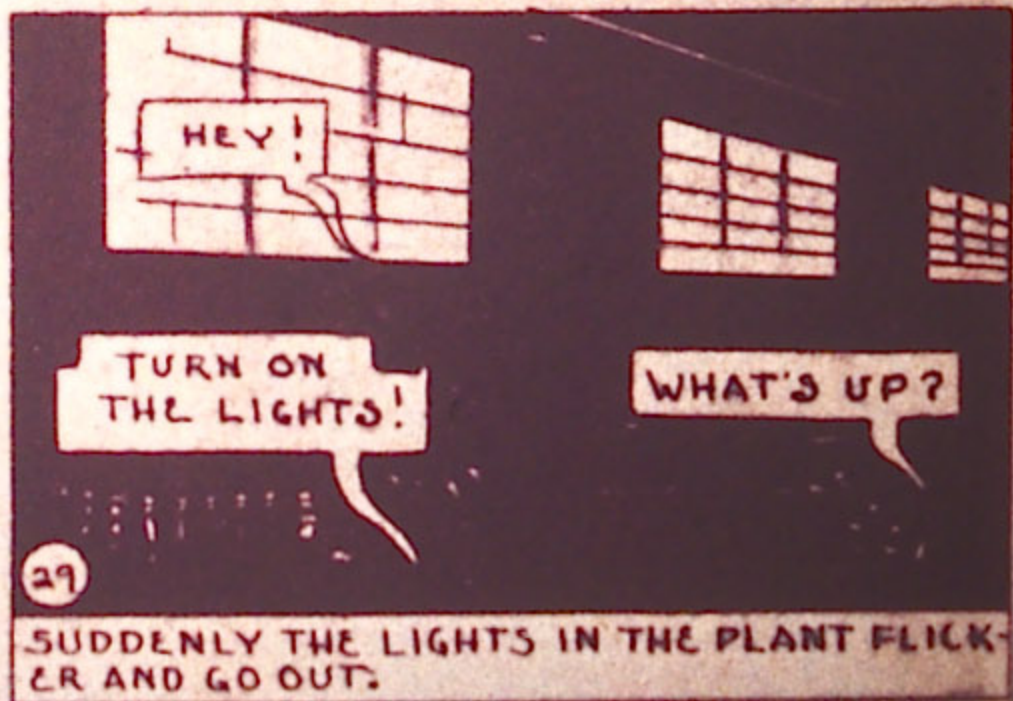
ATTA BOY, REDDICK,
GIVE HIM THE
WORKS -- BURN
THE TRUCK, GUYS,
THEY'LL THINK IT
CAUGHT
FIRE

RUSH DOWN TO MY
OFFICE AS SOON AS
YOU CAN, COSMO ---

ALL RIGHT
TOWNE, I'LL BE
RIGHT
THERE!



25





34
THROUGH THE STREETS THE OTHER CAR RACES, UNAWARE IT IS BEING TRAILED.



35
THE STRANGE CAR PULLS UP BEFORE THE DAILY EXPRESS, THE GLOBE'S RIVAL NEWSPAPER.



36
COSMO STOPS HIS CAR ACROSS THE DARK STREET AND SEES TWO MEN GET OUT OF THE FIRST CAR AND ENTER THE OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER.



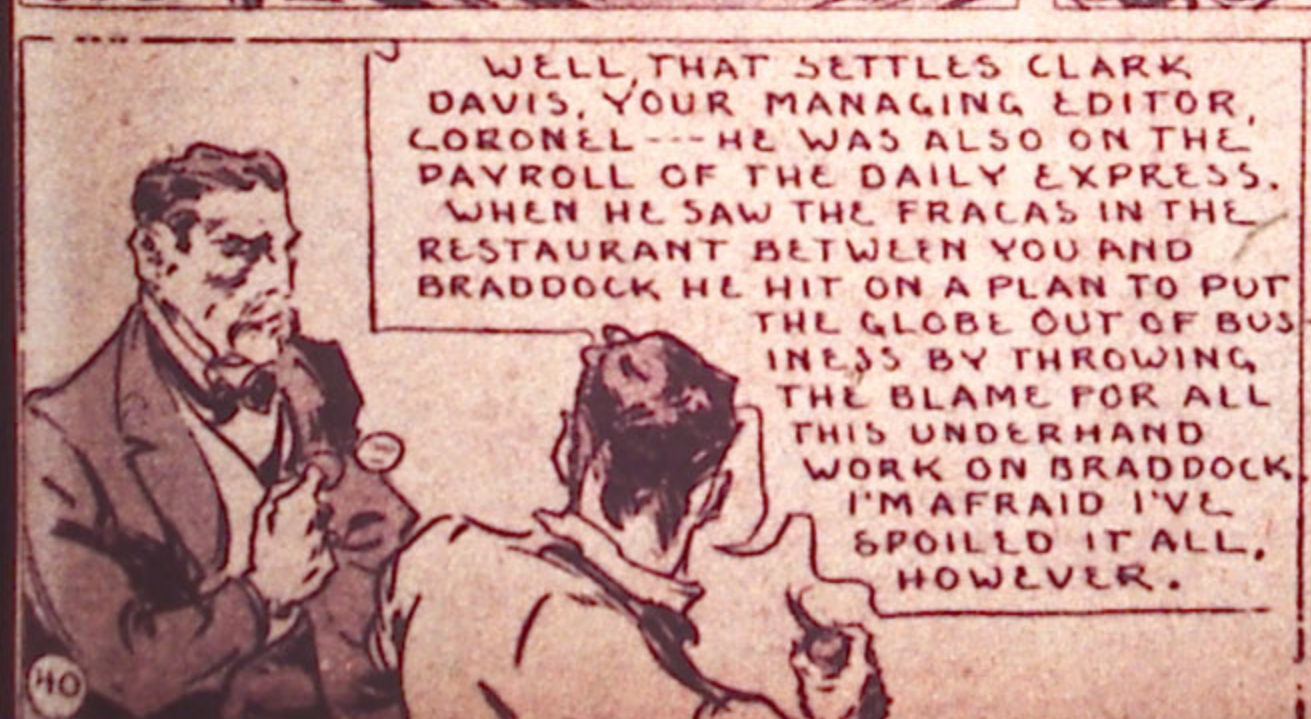
37
A MOMENT LATER COSMO BARKS OUT A COMMAND AND COVERS THE GROUP WITH HIS GUN.



HELLO! HEADQUARTERS? BRING YOUR SQUAD DOWN TO THE DAILY EXPRESS-- THERE'S THREE GENTLEMEN HERE I WANT YOU TO TAKE CARE OF.



TOWNE? I'VE GOT YOUR MEN, COME TO THE DAILY EXPRESS. I JUST SENT FOR THE POLICE.



WELL, THAT SETTLES CLARK DAVIS, YOUR MANAGING EDITOR, CORONEL--- HE WAS ALSO ON THE PAYROLL OF THE DAILY EXPRESS. WHEN HE SAW THE FRACAS IN THE RESTAURANT BETWEEN YOU AND BRADDOCK HE HIT ON A PLAN TO PUT THE GLOBE OUT OF BUSINESS BY THROWING THE BLAME FOR ALL THIS UNDERHAND WORK ON BRADDOCK. I'M AFRAID I'VE SPOILED IT ALL, HOWEVER.



JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

SLAM BRADLEY

LOOK OUT,
SHORTY! THAT
TREE -- IT'S
FALLING!

UPON LEAVING THEIR TRAIN, SLAM AND SHORTY LEARN THAT IN ORDER TO REACH THE DELMAR LOGGING CAMP, THEY MUST FIRST WALK A DISTANCE OF TWO MILES. FOR MINUTES THEY STROLL JAUNTILY THRU THE WOODS UNTIL SLAM SUDDENLY SHOUTS A WARNING TO HIS PARTNER-PAL!

SLAM GIVES SHORTY A DESPERATE SHOVE, THEN LEAPS AFTER HIM!
A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, THE GIANT TREE SMASHES DOWN A FEW SCANT INCHES FROM THEM!



YEOW!
-- I'M
KILLED!

SHUT UP
BEFORE YOU
HAVE ME
BELIEVING
YOU!

CRASH

WHEW! BOY, ARE WE LUCKY THAT I HAD MY EYES OPEN! ANOTHER INCH AND... SAY! WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAVE TO HAPPEN TO US?

THAT TREE DIDN'T TOPPLE BY ACCIDENT, SHORTY! LOOK AT THE AX-MARKS! --DO YOU SUPPOSE...?



A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, A BULKY FIGURE HASTILY DEPARTS, SWEARING SOFTLY TO HIMSELF

I FAILED! BUT
NEX' TIME!...



WHEN SHORTY AND SLAM REACH THE LUMBER-CAMP, THEY IMMEDIATELY CONTACT THE FOREMAN, NILES HOGARTH

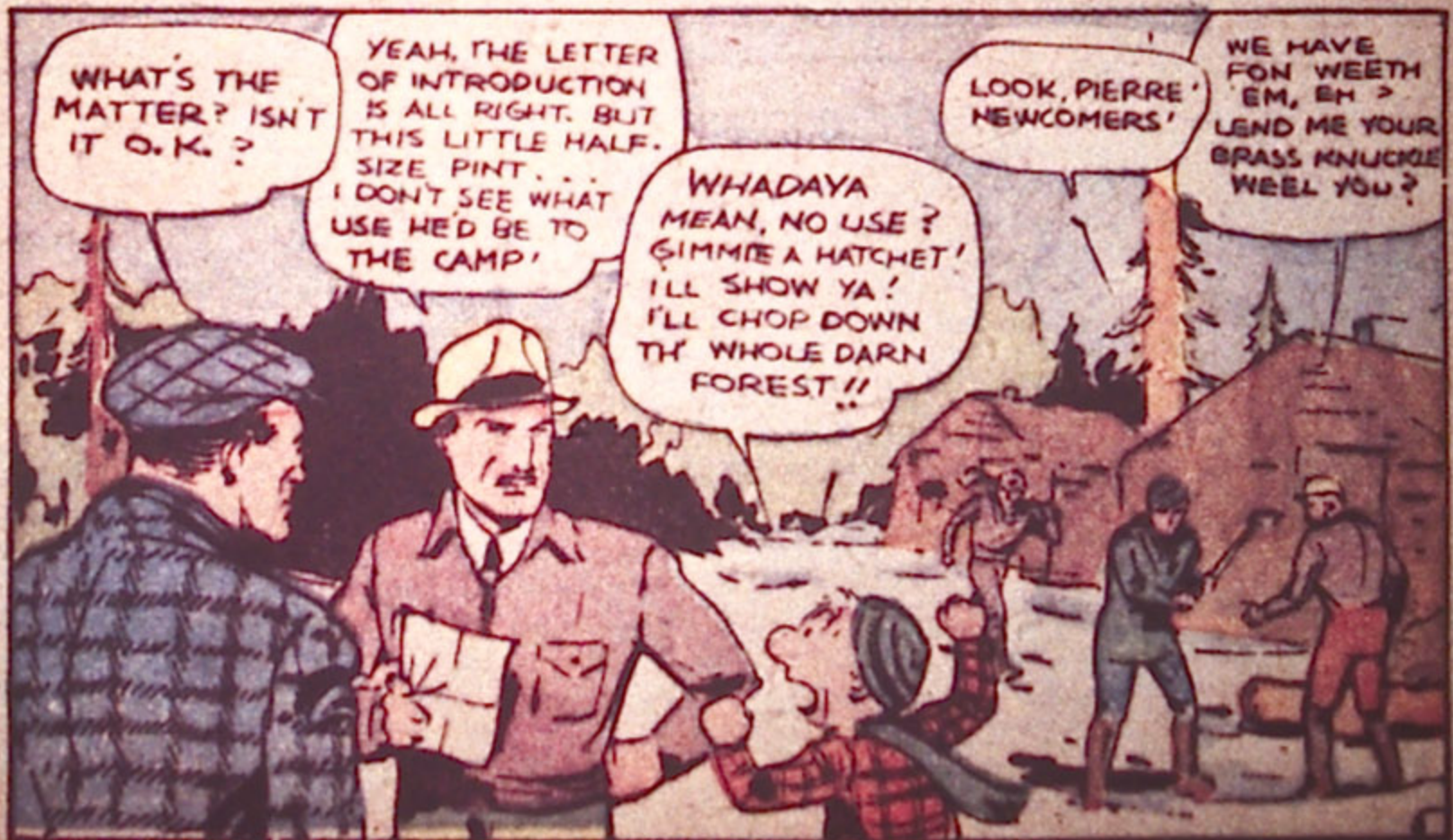
WHAT'S THE MATTER? ISN'T IT O.K.?

YEAH, THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION IS ALL RIGHT. BUT THIS LITTLE HALF-SIZE PINT... I DON'T SEE WHAT USE HED BE TO THE CAMP!

WHADAYA MEAN, NO USE? GIMMIE A HATCHET! I'LL SHOW YA! I'LL CHOP DOWN TH' WHOLE DARN FOREST!!

LOOK, PIERRE! NEWCOMERS!

WE HAVE FON WEETH 'EM, EH? LEND ME YOUR BRASS KNUCKLE WHEEL YOU?





OUCH!
HEY! KEEP
ON YER OWN
FEET!

HO-HO-HO!
SEE HOW HE SQUEALS?
JUS' LAK A LEETLE
PEEG!



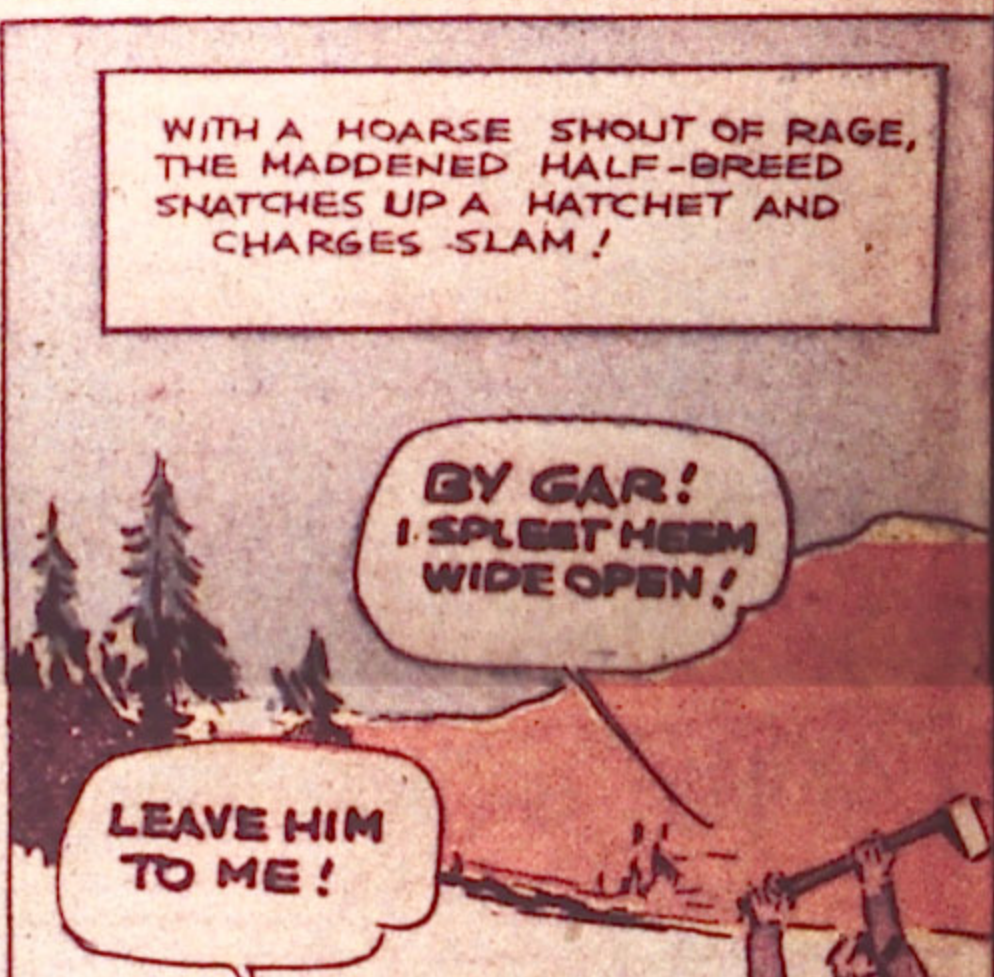
**LAY OFF
HIM!**

**OH---TOUGH,
EH?**



**WHAT DO
YOU THINK?**

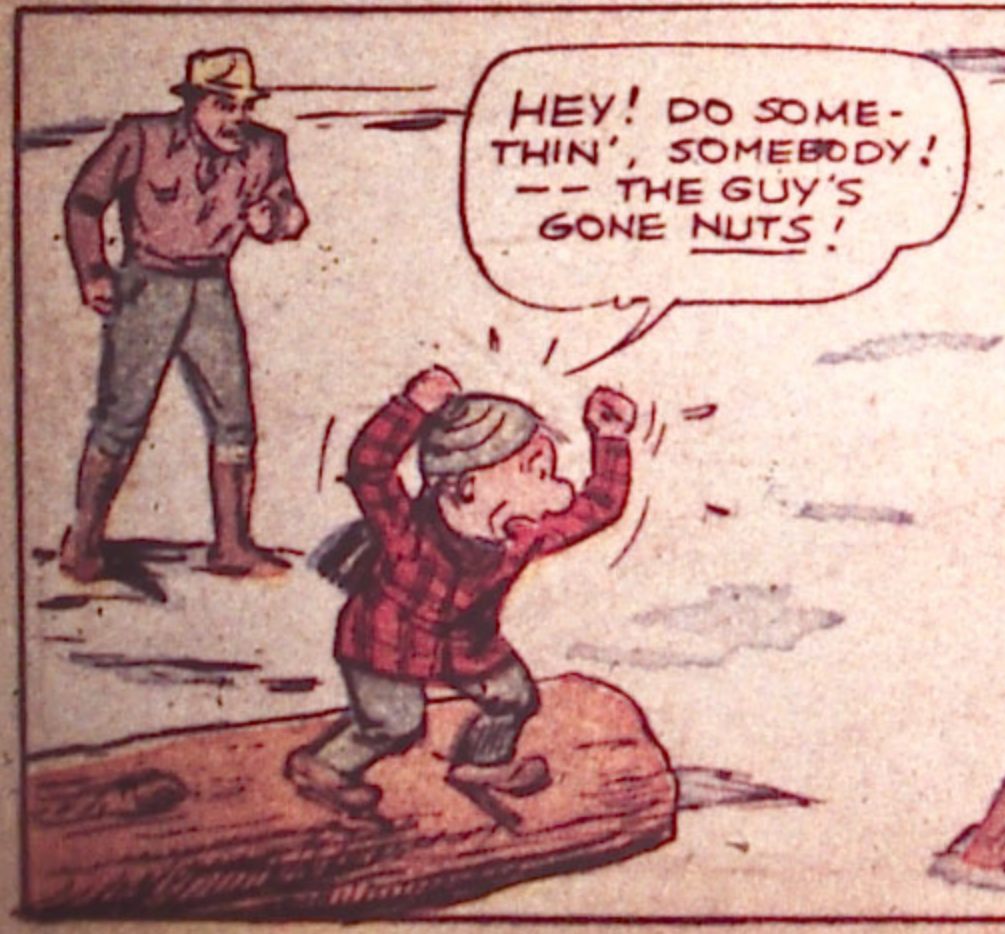
CRUNCH



WITH A HOARSE SHOUT OF RAGE,
THE MADDENED HALF-BREED
SNATCHES UP A HATCHET AND
CHARGES SLAM!


**BY GAR!
I SPLEETHEM
WIDE OPEN!**

**LEAVE HIM
TO ME!**




**HEY! DO SOME-
THIN', SOMEBODY!
-- THE GUY'S
GONE NUTS!**







PIERRE
WILL KILL
HIM !!



NO HE WON'T!
--NOT SLAM
BRADLEY!
SEE!




INSTEAD OF RETREATING BEFORE
PIERRE'S ATTACK, SLAM LAUNCHES
HIMSELF THRU THE AIR AND BRINGS
THE WOODSMAN DOWN WITH A
SUPERB FLYING-TACKLE!



SNATCHING HIS OPPONENT OFF THE
GROUND, SLAM RAISES HIM HIGH OVER-
HEAD!

YOU'RE A TRIFLE
HOT-HEADED, MY
FRIEND! WHAT YOU
NEED IS A LITTLE
COOLING-OFF!

KER PLUNK! -- PIERRE LANDS WITH A
TERRIFIC SPLASH IN THE Icy RIVER!



YOU LAUGH! --
BUT PIERRE EES
NOT FEENISH WEETH
YOU! -- SO YOU
SHALL SEE!



THE BATTLE BETWEEN SLAM AND PIERRE CONCLUDED, LIFE IN THE LOGGING CAMP RESUMES ITS NORMAL PATTERN. AXES FLY, SAWS SCRAPE, MEN SHINNY UP ROUGH BARK TOWARD THE CLOUDS -- MIGHTY COLOSSUS S OF THE FOREST TUMBLE IGNOMINIOUSLY BEFORE THE ATTACK OF THEIR SMALL, BUT VIRULENT ENEMIES.



-- PIERRE BRINGS STARTLING NEWS TO FOREMAN HOGARTH.

TH' TRAIN -- SHE EES DERAILED, AN' ALL TH' LOGS ... SCATTERED!

WHAT? AGAIN! -- GET ALL THE MEN TOGETHER, AT ONCE!



SHORTLY
LATER,
WHEN ALL THE
LUMBERMEN
HAVE BEEN
SUMMONED
BEFORE
HOGARTH--

MEN, IT'S HAPPENED
AGAIN! DISASTER, WHICH
MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE
BEEN ACCIDENTAL!
-- FOLLOW ME,
ALL OF YOU!

WHAT'S UP,
PIERRE?

TH' TRAIN!
WRECKED
AGAIN!

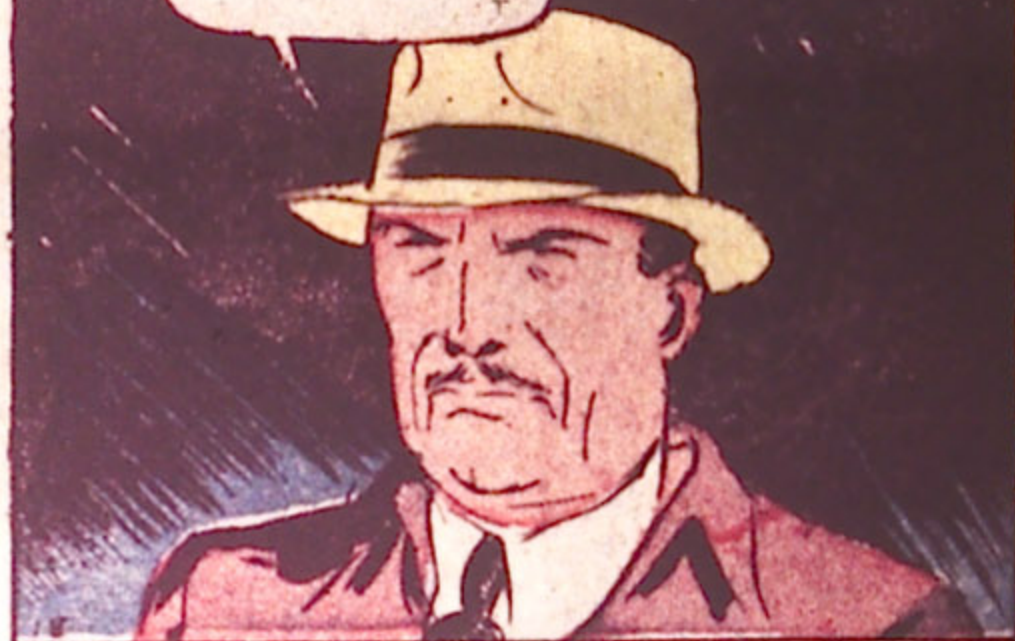


THE MEN MARCH OFF IN A BODY TO
THE SCENE OF THE DERAILING!

JUST AS I THOUGHT!
THE TRACKS HAVE
BEEN TAMPERED
WITH!



RETURN TO WORK, EVERY-
ONE. BUT KEEP YOUR
EYES OPEN, AND IF YOU
SEE ANYONE ACTING
SUSPICIOUSLY LET
ME KNOW!



SHORTY PLAYS A HUNCH . . .

HM-M! SOMEONE'S
SLIPPING OFF INTO THE
WOODS! -- IT'S PIERRE!
-- I'LL TRAIL HIM, THEN
REPORT BACK
TO SLAM!



TRAILING PIERRE INTO THE FOREST, SHORTY TAKES TO COVER AND BAVEDROPS, WHILE THE HALF-BREED MEETS, THEN CONVERSES WITH, NILES HOGARTH!

YOU DID A SPLENDID JOB OF DERAILING THAT TRAIN, PIERRE! AT THIS RATE WE'LL LOWER PRODUCTION TO SUCH A LEVEL THAT DELMAR WILL BE GLAD TO SELL OUT AT ANY PRICE ... WHICH WILL BE EXACTLY WHAT OUR SECRET EMPLOYER DESIRES!

YES, THINGS EES GOIN' FINE, -- BUT WE MUS' MAKE ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO WIPE OUT BRADLEY AN' SHORTY BEFORE THOSE TWO SNOOPERS LEARN TOO MUCH!

IN HIS EXCITEMENT, SHORTY SLIPS AND FALLS! BUT INSTANTLY, HE LEAPS UP AND RACES OFF... WITH PIERRE AND HOGARTH IN GRIM PURSUIT!

HE OVER-HEARD US! GET HIM!

STOP! STOP YOU!

G-GOOD, GOSH! IF THEY CATCH ME, I'M A GONER!

WHY, TH' LOW-DOWN DOUBLE-CROSSIN' CROOKS!

ABRUPTLY, SHORTY FINDS HIMSELF AT THE RIVER'S EDGE! -- HE HAS NO OTHER CHOICE BUT TO LEAP IN!

"BECOME A DETECTIVE"
-- "EARN EASY
MONEY!" --
PHOOIE!



22

COME ON, PIERRE,
AFTER HIM!
THIS IS OUR
CHANCE!

AN ACCIDENTAL
DROWNING, EH?



23

CLOSELY PURSUED, BOUND TO
BE OVERTAKEN ANY SECOND,
SHORTY SEEKS DESPERATELY
TO EVADE HIS FOES BY SPRING-
ING FROM LOG TO LOG!

COME BACK!
YOU'LL KILL
YOURSELF!

NO, THANK YOU!
AN' IF I COME
BACK, **YOU'LL**
KILL ME!



24



BEHIND SHORTY, HOGARTH AND PIERRE
MANAGE TO SCRAMBLE ASHORE JUST IN
TIME

QUICK! GRAB
MY HAND!

GOT IT!



LOOK! THE WATER-
FALL WILL ACCOMPLISH
WHAT WE DESIRED:
SHORTY'S DEATH!

CONVENIENT,
EH?



UP UNTIL THE VERY LAST
MOMENT, SHORTY DOES NOT
KNOW THAT HE IS HEADED
FOR THE BRINK OF A WATER-
FALL -- BUT BY THAT TIME
IT IS **TOO LATE!**

NOTICING
SHORTY'S
ABSENCE,
SLAM HAD
GONE IN
SEARCH OF
HIM. . .


I'LL BET ANYTHING
HE RUNS TRUE TO TYPE
AND LANDS IN A
MESS OF TROUBLE!

SLA-AN!
HELP-LP!
HELP!

IT'S **SHORTY!** --
COURAGE! -- I'M
COMING!

YEOW!


SWEPT TO THE VERY EDGE OF
THE FALLS, SHORTY TESTERS
FORWARD ON THE TIP, PREPAR-
ATORY TO THE ACTUAL DROP!

A man in a grey shirt and brown pants is swinging a small child in a red shirt on a vine over a large waterfall. The child is holding a log. The man is looking back at the child. The waterfall is wide and has many logs floating in it. The background is dark.

WHY DON'T
YOU PLAY LESS
DANGEROUS
GAMES?

FROM NOW ON
I STICK TO
WADING IN
THE BATHTUB!


SEIZING A TRAILING VINE, SLAM SWINGS
OUT — — OUT! . . . SPLIT SECONDS COUNT!
JUST AS SHORTY PITCHES FORWARD
TOWARD THE JAGGED ROCKS, A STRONG
BUT WELCOME HAND, SNATCHING AT
HIS CLOTHES, CLUTCHES HIM IN A FIRM
GRIP, AND A MOMENT LATER BOTH HE
AND SLAM ARE PLUMMETING BACK
TOWARD THE SHORE, AND SAFETY!

A comic book panel showing two men, Pierre and Hogarth, on a large, light-colored rock. Pierre is on the left, leaning forward and holding a long, thin vine. Hogarth is on the right, also leaning forward and holding the vine. They are both looking towards the right. The background is dark and indistinct.

QUICK! NOW'S OUR
CHANCE!-- WHAT LUCK!
WE'LL BE ABLE TO
RID OURSELVES OF
BOTH OF THEM
AT ONE STROKE!

HURRY!
THEY'RE
RETURNING!

PIERRE AND HOGARTH HACK
AT THE SLENDER VINE WHICH
SEPARATES SLAM AND SHORTY
FROM A HORRIBLE DEATH!

A comic book panel showing a chaotic scene on a shore. Three men are engaged in a struggle. One man is on the left, another in the center, and a third on the right. They are all wearing light-colored shirts and dark pants. The man on the right is holding a long, thin vine. The man in the center is holding a long, thin stick. The man on the left is holding a long, thin stick. They are all looking towards the right. The background is dark and indistinct.

HERE'S SOME
HEELS FOR A
COUPLA "HEELS"!

I ALWAYS
THOUGHT THAT
FACE O'YERS WOULD
MAKE A SWELL
DOOR-MAT!

BUT LUCK IS WITH OUR
TWO DETECTIVE-PALS! --
THEY REACH THE SHORE
IN TIME TO FOIL THE
KILLERS!

WHEN SLAM
AND SHORTY
RETURN TO
THE CAMP,
THEY BRING
THE FOREMAN
AND HIS
HIRELING
ALONG WITH
THEM,
CAPTIVES

BE REASONABLE
AND WE'LL GIVE YOU
A LARGE CUT OF
THE PROFITS!

KEEP QUIET
OR WE'LL GIVE
YOU SOME-
THING!

WE'LL REACH
THE CAMP IN
A FEW MINUTE
NOW!



SHERIFF, ARREST THESE
TWO MEN FOR DESTRUCT-
ION OF PROPERTY AND
CONSPIRACY TO
DEFRAUD!

HOGARTH AND
PIERRE! WELL,
WELL! -- I'VE
A CELL THAT'LL
BE JUST PERFECT
FOR YOU TWO
BIRDS!



WHEN CIVILIZATION IS REACHED --

YOU CERTAINLY
CLEARED UP THE
SITUATION QUICKLY!
-- WILL \$10,000
BE ENOUGH?

TEN
THOUSAND
DOLLARS!

QUICK
TAKE
BEFORE
HE CHANG
HIS MIND



THE END

PREVIEW OF NEXT ISSUE!

SLAM BRADLEY at SEA

ACCOMPANY SLAM AND SHORTY
UPON ONE OF THEIR MOST
THRILLING ADVENTURES IN
THE MIDST OF TWENTIETH-
CENTURY PIRATES!



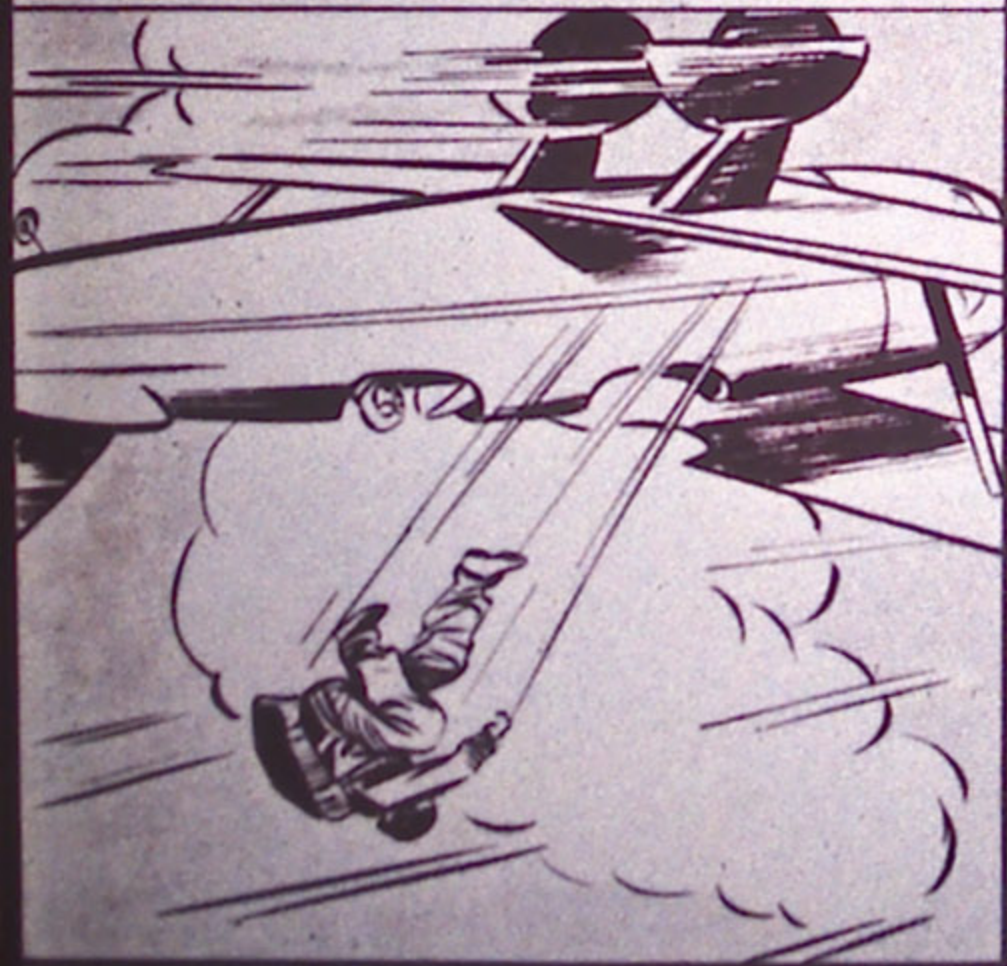
DON'T MISS IT!

FLOYD STIMSON

OFFICIAL PARACHUTE TESTER



FLOYD STIMSON, DAREDEVIL PARACHUTE JUMPER, IS FAMOUS FOR HIS DEATH-DEFYING LEAP FROM A SPEEDING PLANE FLYING UPSIDE DOWN —



ONCE IN FLORIDA HE MADE A JUMP OF 2000 FEET HE DROPPED 500 FT., PULLED THE CORD AND THE BIG 'CHUTE FAILED TO OPEN —



HE YANKED THE CORD OF THE EMERGENCY 'CHUTE WHICH OPENED JUST IN TIME — —



— TO SET HIM DOWN WITH A JOLT ON GOOD OLD TERRA FIRMA —





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